

THE LIVING AGE.

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"FINGAL'S WEEPING."

Because they were so brave and young
 Who now are sleeping,
 His old heart wrung, his harp unstrung,
 Fingal's a-weeping.

There's warble of waters at morning in
 Etive glen,
 And the mists are flying;
 Chuckle of Spring in the wood, on the
 moor, on the ben,
 No heed for their dying!
 So Fingal's weeping the young brave
 sleeping,
 Fingal's weeping.

They'll be forgot in Time,—forgot!
 Time that goes sweeping;
 The wars they fought remembered not,
 And Fingal's weeping.

Hearken for voices of sorrow for them
 in the forest den
 Where once they were rovers—
 Only the birds of the wild at their
 building again,
 Whispering of lovers!
 So Fingal's weeping, his old grief
 keeping,
 Fingal's weeping.

They should be mourned by the ocean
 wave
 Round lone isles creeping,
 But the laughing wave laments no
 grave,
 And Fingal's weeping.

Morven and Moidart, glad, gallant
 and gay in the sun,
 Rue naught departed;
 The moon and the stars shine out when
 the day is done,
 Cold, stony-hearted,
 And Fingal's weeping war's red
 reaping,

Fingal's weeping!
Neil Munro.

Blackwood's Magazine.

MY THOUGHTS.

My thoughts are flocks of homing
 birds.
 Which, speeding tireless through the
 blue,

Carry without the need of words
 The message of my love for you.

And sometimes when you sit apart,
 Thinking perhaps of other things,
 Deep in the stillness of your heart
 You hear the whisper of their wings.

If they should find your pensive mood
 Swayed by a passing thought of me,
 Then scatter softly for their food
 The golden grain of Memory.

Then as the birds unto their nest,
 They shall fly swiftly from above,
 And nestling gently in my breast,
 Shall bring me dreams of you and
 Love!

Violet D. Chapman.

THE ANXIOUS DEAD.

O guns, fall silent till the dead men
 hear
 Above their heads the legions press-
 ing on:
 (These fought their fight in time of
 bitter fear
 And died not knowing how the day
 had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them
 see
 The coming dawn that streaks the
 sky afar:
 Then let your mighty chorus witness be
 To them, and Cæsar, that we still
 make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard
 their call,
 That we have sworn, and will not
 turn aside,
 That we will onward till we win or fall,
 That we will keep the faith for which
 they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day,
 anon
 They shall feel earth enwrap in
 silence deep,
 Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet
 dawn,
 And in content may turn them to
 their sleep.

John McCrae.

THE COMING REVOLUTION.

Writing in this Review in May, 1916, on "The Trials to Come" I expressed the opinion that the War would end in an industrial revolution here. Since then much has been said and written and much has happened. The Russian revolution has happened. That tremendous event took the world in general by surprise. There may have been some well-informed persons outside Russia who knew that it was coming, but if so they kept their knowledge to themselves by choice or necessity. Others knew that something was going on in Russia but did not divine what would come of it. Even these were few; the many knew nothing and expected nothing; their eyes were turned elsewhere. The effect has been all the greater. The revolution was like a thunderstorm breaking over the nations, without warning—a sudden flash that lit up the heavens from East to West followed by a roll of thunder that still reverberates throughout the world. I was no wiser than my neighbors, but the event confirmed with startling emphasis an opinion I had long formed about the deeper significance of the War and its eventual consequences.

The War has two aspects for every nation—an external or international and an internal or domestic aspect. The first is obvious and common to all wars other than civil wars; but it is exceptionally prominent in the present case, for never before has nation been set against nation in the same way. War, in the usual sense of the word, is essentially an affair of nations; it can only be carried on by the lawfully constituted supreme authority, which the older jurists used to call the Prince but which is now more often called the

State. But this War is an affair of nations beyond all precedent, and that in two ways—(1) the number of nations engaged in it, (2) the active participation of the people in its conduct. With regard to the first point I have often wondered—as no doubt many others have—whether any nation would be able to keep out of it before it was over. In a sense they are all in it already. The list of declared belligerents has steadily lengthened and is still growing as neutrals drop in on our side, but the condition of neutrality is a matter more of form than of substance. The German strategy entails acts of warfare against nearly all neutrals by sea, and Germany's neutral neighbors by land are armed to the teeth and on guard; they are practising an "armed neutrality." A good definition of this ingenious phrase is furnished by Captain Marryat, who knew something about it. "Pray," said the Pacha, "what is the meaning of an armed neutrality?" "It varies according to circumstances, Your Highness," replied Huckaback, "but generally speaking it means a charge of bayonets." Sooner or later it comes to something of that sort and the armed neutrals of today are constantly expecting it. In effect they are all in the War and standing on guard to defend their nationality. The Germans complain or boast that all the world is against them, and that is so. They have set the world against them; there has never been anything like it. But still more remarkable than the number of nations engaged is the character of the conflict as essentially the affair, not of governments or rulers, but of peoples. Both in principle and in practice the War is their concern in a novel sense. They are more deeply interested in it,

both as soldiers and as citizens, than in any previous wars. The whole strength—physical, economic and moral—of every nation as such is flung into it because it is the national cause.

It is therefore natural that the larger national aspect should be uppermost, that the War should be thought of in terms of nations, and that its issues and results should be canvassed mainly as questions of international significance. The adjustment of frontiers, annexation, restoration, indemnities, future relations, treaties—these are the problems which chiefly occupy the attention of statesmen and publicists.

It must be so, of course; and I am not caviling at it or belittling the international issues which led to the War and are involved in its termination. But what I feel is that something larger is going on behind them within the nations. It has been called up and set going by the War but now it transcends the ostensible issues. It has grown with the prolongation of the War and nothing can stop it, though its course and development, the form or forms it will take, and its outcome will vary with circumstances and be susceptible of modification and direction. What I refer to is a spontaneous movement among the people. It has arisen out of their participation in the War. The external national effort has produced an internal reaction. Last January I wrote in this Review:

This War is a volcano in which all the political, social, and economic elements of our life are seething and boiling under the crust, preparing for a great eruption in which the old order will disappear for good.

That was before the Russian revolution, and I was referring particularly to our own country. But a similar process is going on in others, and none

will wholly escape its influence. It varies in kind and degree, but a ferment is at work everywhere. It has suddenly manifested itself in Russia with a force and fulness which have opened men's eyes. The conditions are not changed, but the haze which obscured them has lifted and revealed what men could not or would not see. The atmosphere has changed and the whole horizon looks different. The word "revolution," which was thought exaggerated, if not absurd, and frowned upon or ridiculed when I used it more than a year ago, is now in every mouth, though the meaning attached to it varies widely. A Cabinet Minister of the first rank, Sir E. Carson, has used it plainly and publicly in a certain sense. Speaking at a luncheon given by the British Empire Producers' Organization on the 24th of May he referred to the Russian revolution as "a necessary revolution for freedom brought about by necessary thoughts that came home to men when they were day by day faced with the horrible devastation and peril of war," and then proceeded:

Do not imagine that there is no revolution going on in this country, and do not imagine above all things that there is not a revolution going on in the Empire.

He was alluding to the peaceful political changes which have occurred and are still developing. They do amount to a revolution of a certain kind, and perhaps a Cabinet Minister could not be expected to say more on such an occasion. But I fancy from some further remarks that Sir E. Carson had in his mind at least the probability of a quite different sort of revolution. He attributed the Russian revolution to the fact that "war had brought home to the people there that the power and the real power must be in the people who have to

fight the war." That touches the center. The War is a people's war—a war for popular Liberty. Several States have come into it through the direct pressure of popular opinion upon their Governments. Nationality is a people's affair, and the primary issue was the right of peoples to their own nationality. Nationality is to nations what personality is to individuals. It is a complex of qualities and conditions which in their totality mark off one people from others. Its composition varies indefinitely; there is no uniformity, but its basis is generally racial affinity, its apex a government of the nation's own choice. With race go traditions, customs and language; with government the laws and institutions that suit the nation. The right to enjoy these things constitutes national liberty.

Now the War arose out of a challenge to that right, and from the first it was a people's war. There was a clash of nationalities. That is a truism which has been expounded by a thousand political and historical writers. The Teuton and Magyar elements in the Central Empires—which otherwise detest each other—joined hands to challenge the right of the Serbian people to their own nationality. It was a wanton challenge, inspired by the desire of the aggressors to aggrandize themselves at the expense of the Slavs and made with full knowledge that the Russian people would not suffer Serbia to go down. I say the Russian people, not the Russian Government, because the popular feeling in Russia was revealed in extraordinarily clear and vigorous language by Professor Mitrovanoff, of Petrograd, just before the War, in the important German review the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. Professor Mitrovanoff, who is an old pupil of Professor Delbrück, the editor of the *Jahrbücher*, had been asked by the latter for his

opinion of the tension between Russia and Germany, and his answer was published in June, 1914. Professor Delbrück evidently knew what was coming and wished to find out what was to be expected of Russia. He got a very straight answer. "It is impossible," wrote Professor Mitrovanoff, "for Russia to remain indifferent to the fate of the Southern Slavs in the Balkan Peninsula." "To let the whole thing go," he continued, "would be moral and political suicide for any Russian Government." And he further made clear the popular feeling. "The ill-feeling against the Germans is in every heart and every mouth; and seldom, it seems to me, has public opinion been more unanimous." He wrote as a calm observer and a friend of Delbrück's, not as a politician or a firebrand; and Delbrück had asked him because he had confidence in his capacity and judgment.

It was not, then, the Russian Government but the Russian people that were challenged; and the German people knew it perfectly well. With them, too, and the Magyars the quarrel was equally an affair of the people. The German Government had ulterior and far-reaching aims, but the people supported their rulers in the War not only willingly but with enthusiasm, and that before all the arguments about defense and the supposed "encircling" policy instigated by England had been spun out for their edification. They wanted to make their nationality dominant over others, and the justification instilled into them by the intellectuals was their superiority to all others. For years the German people had been more keen for war than the Kaiser, who succumbed to the war party only in the autumn of 1913, and, to the last, cherished misgivings not shared by the public. Army and

people alike expected an easy and triumphant promenade to Paris, Petrograd, and London, which would prove immensely profitable. Their newspapers were full of it in the first weeks, and a flood of war pamphlets naively announced their aim of aggrandizement and the glorious superiority of German Kultur, which both justified their action in trampling on other nations and ensured its success. They were all in it for the prospect of gain and glory. That truth is not new, but fresh testimony has been borne to it so recently as a few weeks ago. In an article published in *The Times* of June 6, 1917, Mr. F. Sefton Delmer refers to it. He is an Australian who had held a post in Berlin University from 1901 up to the outbreak of war and who remained in Germany till the 23d of May last. He says that all classes were enthusiastic for the War as a profitable adventure: "As long as it promised to be a big scoop of other nations' wealth they were for it, heart and soul, peer and peasant, Socialist and Junker." He adds that enthusiasm waned as soon as success began to look doubtful, and that doubts will turn to execration when they see defeat coming.

I cannot refrain from quoting these views by a man who has had such a unique opportunity of forming an opinion, because they are identical with those I have brought forward more than once in this Review; but I am at present only concerned with the fact that the War is a people's war, on the one side aggressive, on the other defensive. It was willed by the peoples and has been carried on by them as no war has ever been before except between tribesmen or single cities in a comparatively early stage of civilization. Great nations have never thrown themselves into a conflict in this way before. Their whole strength has gone into it—the strength

of man, woman, and child able to help, excepting only those who from cowardice, sloth, selfishness, or mental aberration separate themselves from their fellows. The result is an aggregate of effort and sacrifice which would have seemed incredible if it had not happened, and is still hard to realize when we see it before us. It is unequal in the different belligerent countries, and necessarily greater in those which are the actual seats of war than in the more fortunate ones that are remote from it in proportion to their remoteness. But in all it is great and is most unprecedented; in the aggregate stupendous.

The peoples have put forth this effort and sacrifice in the assertion of their nationality; but in doing so they have asserted themselves and gradually become conscious of their power. If the cause is theirs, so is the strength which carries it. The consciousness of strength, exercised for national liberty, has stirred the sense of liberty in all directions. It has quickened forces always present but at times dormant and needing a shock to arouse them—forces that make for liberty.

I often think that history, broadly read, reveals the evolution of liberty more clearly and consistently than any other sort of change. This is the most continuous thread that can be traced running through it. There is a perpetual conflict with opposing currents, there is reaction, ebb and flow, infinite confusion; but ultimately the net result tends towards liberty. The greatest process of change, the advance of knowledge, disclosing to man the secrets of Nature and giving him the mastery over his environment, is itself the most powerful agent in the service of liberty. When the cynic asks *cui bono?*—and not the cynic only—I think that is the answer. At any rate it is an answer, though it may only move the question a step farther

on. However, to go more fully into the philosophy of liberty, which has been most superficially treated by moralists and other thinkers, would take me too far afield. Enough has been said for the purpose of my present argument.

The point I wish to emphasize is that the instinctive and imperishable yearning for liberty, which is a fundamental attribute of life and one of the deepest springs of human effort, has been roused into intense and general activity by the shock of this war. There have been two stages. First the menace to national liberty called for the unparalleled efforts and sacrifices in its defense; then these reacted on those making them and fired a determination for more liberty within the nation. The restrictions on liberty imposed by the necessities of war have quickened the desire for it, and the toll paid to the cause of corporate liberty by those sections of the community which most feel the need of more liberty for themselves has established the conscious right to demand it. This applies to all the countries affected by the War or will apply before it is done; and the aggregate result will be the largest advance in popular liberty that civilized nations have yet seen at one stride. That is to say, it will be if the nations which stand for liberty win a complete and decisive victory. If they do not, there will be less liberty than before because they must forever stand on guard with their weapons in their hands and submit to a stern disciplinary régime. The alternative would be the loss of national liberty, so that they stand to lose in either case.

But that will not happen; for the spirit of Freedom is too strong and its march is not to be withstood. Its chief opponent is the spirit of Comfort, which is the god of the peace-mongers and undeniably a powerful

deity. But when the two are in complete opposition, as now, Freedom always wins except with craven and servile souls, who are not so very numerous after all. Some of the peace-mongers are craven and servile, others have merely lost their way in the mists of confused thinking. They are concerned for internal liberty and troubled at the temporary loss of it in war. What they do not see is that national liberty is the indispensable condition of domestic liberty, and that its maintenance has been put to the issue of the sword, which alone can decide. So long as the Prussian idea of the State, in which "there is only One will and that is Mine," is supported by the German people, it constitutes a standing challenge and barrier to liberty. It is the negation of internal liberty and it necessarily involves a constant menace to the liberty of other nations, because the German people in accepting it have bartered liberty for comfort. They have been reconciled to it by prosperity, and to keep them reconciled it is necessary to extend and enlarge their prosperity at the expense of other nations. The conflict between comfort and liberty and the German choice is clearly revealed by the argument put forward by innumerable German writers that they only desire to extend the blessings of Kultur and that other nations are or will be "better off" under German rule and influence even at the cost of independence, which in their eyes is a trifle. They have surrendered their own souls and grown fat on it; why should not others? If in their ignorance the others resist they must be compelled for Germany's benefit, which in the end is also their own. The Germans will only be induced to abandon the Prussian idea by its failure to provide the prosperity for which they have sold themselves. They have been brought to the stage

of doubt solely by the successful opposition offered to their conquering arms which are the supreme embodiment of the Prussian idea. That has entailed present suffering, dwindling hopes of future recompense, and the shadow of disaster to come. They will be brought to conviction solely by further progress along the same road. That is the only way to the "free democracies," to which the idealist peace-mongers look forward. If they had had their way, the Prussian idea would have been triumphant over Europe more than two years ago; if they had their way now, it would emerge unscathed and be acclaimed by the Germans as their salvation. The argument recently put before a military tribunal by a well-known conscientious objector, that the Germans will support their Government so long as they feel in danger but would turn and rend it if they were made safe by peace, reveals a bankrupt case. It amounts to this—the Germans support their Government because they think it is preserving them; they will turn and destroy it in peace because it has preserved them—an argument for Bedlam. But it is something to have got a typical pro-German to the point of recognizing that the German people must mend their ways and get rid of their Government.

I assume, then, that the cause of national liberty will prevail in the War. That seems to me, indeed, quite certain now that the American people, who as lookers-on at a distance for two and a half years have been in a position to form the clearest and most deliberate opinion, have solemnly decided to throw their strength into the scale solely for the sake of that cause.

There will then be nothing to hinder that development of internal liberty which has been set in active motion by the War as explained above. I call

it the coming revolution because it will have a revolutionary character, by which I mean that it will be a great and violent change, not a gentle transition. But there will be no uniformity about it. I think all the nations will be affected, as I have already said, but in different ways and varying degrees according to circumstances.

The Russian revolution, which is the first manifestation, seems to have got into some people's heads. They see visions of Russian revolutions everywhere. They want to follow the lead like a flock of sheep, and can devise nothing better than an artificial imitation of the spontaneous developments in Russia under totally different conditions. The earnest visionaries (to put them in the most favorable light), who held a conference at Leeds in June and attracted a miscellaneous collection of persons united only in a desire to thwart the rest of the nation, announced the setting up of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates on the Russian model as the most important item on their program. The device betrays poverty of ideas and that inability to discriminate which leads to erroneous conclusions and futile action. The new organization will be declared brilliantly successful by its authors as a matter of course because they invariably describe all their proceedings in those terms, and no doubt with sincere conviction because they are constitutionally incapable of regarding themselves and all their doings in any other light. But it will not be successful because it is not suited to the circumstances. There is no need and no use for it here. It is better suited to Russia where it spontaneously originated but no one yet knows what will come of it even there. The Russian revolution has begun and it has passed through the first stage with surprising

smoothness and apparent completeness. But no one who knows anything of Russia or of revolutions supposes that it is over. The situation is obscure and confused even to observers on the spot. Those at a distance, dependent on scanty and second-hand information necessarily know less about it. But the instability is obvious. The whole thing is in a state of flux, and already all sorts of divisions are apparent. There are evidently some strong and clear-headed men in it, but whether they will be able to ride the whirlwind remains to be seen.

Revolutionary ideas in Russia have always had a strong bias towards Anarchism, which means in the simple interpretation of the masses that every man shall do as he likes. The revolution has already been so interpreted here and there with the interesting results, according to the news reports, that compositors declined to set in type matter of which they personally disapproved, soldiers refused to recognize any authority, towns proclaimed their complete independence, and a young man assumed the rôle of dictator in Kronstadt. In such a welter anything may happen. And so far only a constitutional revolution, which is a comparatively simple matter, has been accomplished; and that only to the stage of demolition. Something provisional has been set up, but serious reconstruction has not yet begun. The economic revolution, which is of far more substantial importance to the people, is also far more subtle and difficult; and it has not been tackled at all. The "Intelligentsia," who lead the masses, appear to be disciples of Bakunin on the political side and of Marx on the economic side. The two are quite incompatible and neither is practicable; but they will only learn that by experience. Altogether Russia has a great deal to go through. If one may hazard a guess,

it is that the dominant factor is still the menace of Germany and that the Russians will hold together until it is removed. The organization of internal liberty must wait on the security of national liberty. A separate peace with Imperial Germany is hardly thinkable, and the Stockholm trap will have to be better baited and better concealed if it is to catch the quarry. I do not believe that it will, but I agree with those who think that our Government should make a better statement of our war aims. The previous statements have been much applauded but they did not strike me as very well conceived or very happily expressed. There is an opportunity to amend them, and a timely use of it might have a good effect both at home and abroad.

To return to the revolution: it seems to me that the Russian volcano has achieved a preliminary eruption, which has cleared the passage, so to speak, but that the grand upheaval has still to come, and until it does the event cannot be rightly appraised. There will be chaos for a time, out of which a Constitutional Monarchy is quite as likely to emerge as a Republic. In any case it is no precedent for this or for other countries in which the conditions are quite different, though its occurrence will stimulate—has indeed stimulated—the corresponding movement which will take in them a course determined by the circumstances of each. For this reason the prattle about republicanism has no significance for us. No sane person wishes to replace King George by any political adventurer whose friends succeed in working the electoral machine more adroitly than those of some other adventurer. We have too many elections already which saddle us with those persons who make it their business to get elected for their own purpose. It is our good fortune, under Providence,

that the headship of the State escapes that degrading and corrupting influence. Without making any reflection on other States which have elected Presidents we see nothing in that arrangement which makes us wish to change our own; and in point of fact we do not wish it. The suggestion would be scouted with indignation and derision by the mass of the people, with whom our Royal Family is truly and deservedly popular.

No. Scepters and crowns may tumble down and in the dust be laid, but not here. Our revolution will be different. It will be primarily industrial and social, and I shall devote the rest of this article to it. About other countries I will only say this—that our example will greatly influence those which possess similar elements. Great Britain has always been the pioneer in labor movements since it became the pioneer in industry and commerce. Trade Unionism, Socialism, Syndicalism, Greater Unionism, and whatever other *ism* there may be of this sort, all originated here. Some of them appeared and disappeared again so long ago that they have been forgotten and their revival elsewhere is hailed as a new thing. It was here that class war, direct action, the revolutionary general strike and ownership of industries by trade unions were first advocated and their realization attempted. It was here that Marx picked up all the root ideas of his economic theory; they had been formulated by English Socialists when he was in the nursery. It was in avowed imitation of the English trade unions that the German trade-union movement was started. Here too co-operation had its birth. Thus the distinctive features of the labor movement in France, Germany and Belgium—and by consequence in all other European countries—originated here. As for the United States, the

movement was carried there by English workmen. And right down to the present time, in spite of the growth and activity of labor movements in other countries—whose proceedings lose nothing in the telling—the real movement, which is trade unionism, has achieved more solid success here than anywhere else and still stands first. Whatever happens here, therefore, will resound through other lands and awaken a strong echo, as the Russian revolution has done in the field of constitutional politics.

What will happen? It is generally agreed that great changes will take place, but the question is—what will their character be and how will they be accomplished? There are two main currents of opinion. Some people look forward to a new era of social peace and industrial prosperity brought about by the voluntary reconciliation of Capital and Labor and the establishment of harmonious relations by mutual concessions. Others foresee or fear a more determined and embittered conflict between them than in the past. So far as I can judge, the former view is the more prevalent of the two among the general public, but those behind the scenes incline to the latter. It is unnecessary to insist on the importance of the issue. Everybody can see it. Our economic future depends on industrial peace. All the plans and schemes of "reconstruction," which have been produced in such profusion, all the projects for the application of scientific research to industry and the development of trade within the Empire and without, all the programs of social reform, find this question lying at the threshold, for they cannot be realized or even make a start during an internecine struggle which would paralyze industry and impoverish the country. They would have to wait till it was over, when the best opportunity would

be gone and probably so much injury inflicted that the ground would never be wholly recovered. The question therefore requires the most serious examination.

Let us take first the rosy view of the coming changes, which is the more prevalent. On what grounds does it rest? One generally finds two reasons given. One is the social changes effected by the War among the men on service, the other is the suppression of ordinary antagonisms at home. In these changes, which are complementary to each other, is discerned the promise of a new harmony and brotherhood. It is an alluring picture, but I am afraid a wholly illusory one. The comradeship of the trenches is a real thing, but the inference drawn from it is mistaken. In the first place the relations between officers and men are personal and depend on personal qualities; not every officer gets on well with his men and earns their affection or respect. But let us suppose that in this War the proportion who do is exceptionally high. Probably it is, because all the conditions are unprecedented. There was never so great a mingling of all classes or so great a crisis for them to face together. If the men who have fought and worked and suffered together in uniform were to be together again in civil life, it would undoubtedly make a great difference. But they will not; they will go their ways and be absorbed in the existing *cadres* at home, and in most cases will not meet again. The officers and men brought into contact in the industrial army will be different and the personal feelings engendered by contact on service will have no hold. In the second place there is all the difference in the world between sharing danger and sacrifice for a common cause and being parties to a dispute about the division of spoils. Nothing unites

men so closely as the first; nothing divides them more surely than the second.

And is there any good reason for believing that our workmen-soldiers are harboring thoughts of industrial harmony and good-will? I have a letter from a wounded soldier which tells a very different tale. He had read what I said on this subject last year and wrote to me about it. He joined the Army in the autumn of 1914 and was wounded in the spring of 1916. He had previously been in business with his father as a small employer in unusually close touch with his men, in whom he took much interest, and whose habits and opinions he studied closely. In the Army he was a private, and had therefore lived for more than eighteen months in the closest intimacy with workmen-soldiers who came to preponderate in his regiment. He writes:

I have lived and moved about with them both here and in France and been a keen observer of their ways and thoughts, and I succeeded in getting an insight of the inner workings of their minds—a difficult matter to do. I have formed—they have helped me to form—an opinion. There will be great industrial strife after the War in this country. I trace it partly to military discipline. Hundreds of thousands of men like myself joined without previous military experience, all anxious to “do their bit,” but never up to thirty, forty, or more years of age being subject (except to a limited extent) to any other than their own will: for in civil life the British workingman leads a very independent existence. Military discipline stepped in, is submitted to, lightly at first, but although to the end it is not openly rebelled against, as times goes on it becomes very irksome. . . . Every man is doing his bit and his best, but at the back of his head rebels against what he thinks is an arbitrary military spirit and the

knowledge that the country at home has not sought out energetically the slackers earning large wages and hiding themselves, as it were, in munition works, coal mines, etc., while he runs great life risks for 1s. a day. He swears hard and long that he will have an easier time when the War is over. I do not think he exactly knows how, but vaguely says he is not going to be a "bloody mug for the employer any more"; and he views with great dissatisfaction the material gap between employer and workman.

This reading of the soldier's mind, derived from observation, runs absolutely counter to the theory of a new era of mutual harmony resulting from the experience of war, and lends the confirmation of inside knowledge to my argument. And it is all perfectly natural—the irksomeness of discipline, the contrast between the soldier's lot and the high-waged men safe at home, resentment at the indulgence shown to slackers and the determination to take it out of the employer afterwards.

So much for the argument from the workman-soldier. As for the suppression of antagonisms at home, it affords still more shaky ground for optimistic anticipations. There is more unity in some directions, and social barriers in particular have been submerged in common sacrifice; but still more antagonism has been engendered. I have another remarkable letter before me which well illustrates both effects. It is from an illiterate working woman, and is mainly filled by a long outburst of angry denunciation and threats directed against politicians, Government Departments, the recipients of honors, business men, aliens, Jews, shirkers, and MacDonald-Snowdens. But the writer, whose bitterness reveals sincerity in every line, makes an exception of "our real nobility," whom she calls "real patriots":

They, like us, have made great sacrifices; their sons are amongst our

boys, their daughters you can see them doing grand work. They, like us, don't want advertising their good deeds. It's only the kind who do more harm to our men whose photos you see in the paper the moment they don a cap and apron. Our true noble nobility is above such class, neither do they want such class of rich catering in war time.

This artless letter, from which I have drawn and reduced to coherency the passage quoted, gives both sides of the picture—the drawing together of widely separated classes by common sacrifice and the deep resentment against other classes held to be self-seekers and shirkers. It does not matter whether the judgment is well-founded or not. The letter faithfully reflects the feelings of the writer's class, and the volume of resentment poured out nearly swamps the expressions of kindliness. The woman is not unjust, she gives honor where she thinks honor is due. But her heart is full of bitterness, and she pours it out with her unskilled and laborious pen. She particularly warns politicians and officials that the working classes are not going to put up with them after the War; and she is a true prophet. There is a deep sea of anger under the surface among the mass of the people.

And the overt antagonisms in public life supposed to have been laid aside—is there any real change of feeling or intention? There has been some repression and quite a large amount of co-operation. But the old hostilities survive and occasionally come to the surface even now in the most critical moment of our history. They are only waiting the hour of release to break out again with all the added fierceness of a pent-up force. When the Irish people agree on a plan for governing Ireland, and the Non-conformists treat the Church in Wales decently, I will believe in the vision of

harmony and good-will in public life. Up to now I see very few signs of it.

And when we come to the economic battlefield and the relations of employers and employed, which are at the center of my subject, the case is much worse. Many soothing words have been said about it, and some soothing things have been attempted; but I have watched the signs closely for the last two years, and the opinion I expressed more than a year ago has rather been strengthened than modified. To understand the position one must recall the background of conditions before the War.

The period 1911-12-13 was marked by a wave of strikes unprecedented in number, magnitude, and success. They were prosperity strikes. Trade was rising rapidly after a long depression; workmen demanded a share of the prosperity, and on being refused went on strike. Many employers adopted the usual suicidal policy of refusing demands they can afford to concede until the men strike and then giving way. It is the most effectual method of encouraging strikes. The example of the seamen at a comparatively early stage in 1911 had a great effect. It is a very difficult industry to organize because of the absences and continual movements of the men and the floating supply of sailors and firemen of all nationalities. Attempted strikes have generally failed and the shipowner laughed at the union; but the men began to strike at one ship after another, and the owners promptly gave way. Business was too good for ships to be held up and a *débâcle* followed. The success of the seamen opened a floodgate. The climax was reached in the general strike of miners in 1912, in which the Prime Minister intervened, with the result that the Minimum Wage Act was passed. The most frequent, though not the only, cause of dispute

was the rate of wages, and in general the men had the best of it. The trade unions never had such a succession of triumphs, and some of them lost their heads. Irregular and ill-judged strikes took place with consequent failure, of which the London Dock Strike was the most conspicuous example.

This stormy period produced lasting effects on both sides. It led to an extension of conciliation by joint conferences of employers and employed with or without umpires, but this pacific influence was offset by other effects. On the side of employers the struggle left a feeling of exasperation, not everywhere, but in important industries and large areas, and a determination to get even when the tide should turn and the state of the labor market give them the upper hand. That time was approaching with the downward movement of trade in 1914, when the War began. On the side of the employed the effects were more complex and still more ominous. Successes had not brought satisfaction, but rather an appetite for more and a determination to retrieve failures and half-successes by better organization and stronger efforts. Trade unionism made rapid progress, as it usually does in prosperity strikes, partly by the impetus of success and partly by a marked revival of compulsion against non-unionists. Next to wages non-unionism was the most frequent ground for strikes. But the advance of trade unionism was not only greater in degree than usual at such times, but also different in kind and marked by some special features. One of these was the successful organization of unskilled labor and of men engaged in loosely connected occupations. The thing was not new in itself, but its success was unprecedented and so great that this formerly weak branch of organized labor was enabled to take—and keep—a place among the older and

more powerful unions. The Transport Workers' Union is the most conspicuous example. Another special feature was a strong movement towards consolidation both by the merging of separate unions into one and by the federation or closer combination of branches of the same industry. The National Union of Railwaymen illustrates the first; the Miners' Federation of Great Britain represents the second in its most complete form. But consolidation went still farther and proceeded to a fighting alliance between different industries. The Triple Alliance between Miners, Railwaymen, and Transport Workers was the direct outcome of the strikes of 1912, though it was only consummated at the end of 1915. The three organizations, which had experienced varying degrees of failure to achieve their objects, resolved to unite their forces and form one army of irresistible strength. A general strike of miners produces a gradual paralysis of industry, and can be prepared against; but a strike of railwaymen acts instantaneously, and if backed by other transport workers can be made effective. The ponderous weight of the one arm and the quick action of the others make a tremendously powerful combination.

All these movements have been going quietly forward during the War; but they are not the whole story. Other forces were evolved and came to the surface in the storm-period—psychological forces, which are of the utmost significance today. A new generation had grown up among workmen, imbued with the fighting spirit proper to youth, more highly educated and more ambitious than their fathers. Among them were men of intellectual capacity, trained in history and economic theory and with a receptive ear for new ideas. The Labor Colleges and cognate educational agencies, the free libraries and courses of lectures,

were beginning to bear fruit, and they have continued to bear it. Such men have a different conception of the status of Labor from their fathers, and their bent is towards industrial revolution. Everyone remembers the appearance of Syndicalism in 1911. Socialists, who saw in it an enemy to their own theories, pooch-pooched it as a mere bogey and nothing is heard of it now. It was always numerically weak and it seems to have died out. But that is a superficial view. Socialists showed more concern about Syndicalism than was compatible with the indifference they professed, and they should recognize that numbers are not a sound measure of influence. If they were the Socialists could claim little, for they are themselves numerically weak though stronger than the Syndicalists.

The real point is that the appearance of Syndicalism was a sign. It revealed the spirit of revolt advancing. It was a leaven, and a stronger leaven than Socialism. But Socialism was a leaven too, and both have been working all the time. So have others more or less allied, more or less opposed, to them, as they to each other. I neither approve nor condemn them; nor am I concerned here with the differences and distinctions between them, though I know very well what those are, having studied them closely and continuously here and in other countries. I speak of them merely as a dispassionate observer at pains to understand their meaning and effects, and I see in them various manifestations of the same spirit of revolt against the existing economic order. Their principles differ and they point in different directions, but they are all united in aiming at the abolition of "Capitalism," as it is called in their vocabulary. Organized labor is the instrument on which they rely, and they work ceaselessly in its ranks to foster discontent and promote

strife; for good relations between employers and employed are the greatest obstacle to the realization of their aims. Their efforts are generally regarded with an inconsistent mixture of contempt and anger because they are numerically weak and the great mass of our workmen pay little attention to their theories. That is a mistake. Englishmen in general hate theories, and English workmen have even less taste for them than other classes. The Scots, with their hereditary bent for theology and metaphysics, are different. But these doctrines do not work by direct conversion or proselytizing. Their influence is more subtle. They work by the feelings, not the intellect; they appeal to the sense of justice and liberty which is, I believe, stronger in the English people than in any other. And they have another line of advance which is working a great change within the unions. The spirit of revolt is capturing the organized force of labor, not at the center but at the circumference, and manipulating it to its own purposes through the younger generation mentioned above. The great bulk of the members take no part in the affairs of their union. They do not attend meetings or even take the trouble to vote when a ballot is taken. Many cordially hate the whole thing; most are indifferent. Naturally the conduct of affairs falls into the hands of those who do take an interest in it; and among them the young men, better educated, better equipped for discussion, keen, voluble, primed with theories and arguments, gain the sway. Their influence is in the local lodges and the workshops, and this explains the revolt against the authority of the executive, which has become such a conspicuous feature of our trade unionism and is converting industrial democracy into something approaching industrial anarchy. The effect is to

nullify collective bargaining and paralyze conciliation. *

This, then, was the position before the outbreak of war. Mutual antagonism between employers and employed, inflamed by three years of conflict; on one side exasperation waiting for the turn of the tide, on the other profound distrust and suspicion, appetite whetted but not satisfied, the consciousness of growing strength, and all worked upon by an organized ferment of irreconcilable hostility to the very existence of employers. I put the case strongly because it needs stating, but I do not mean to imply that the state of things described was universal. It varied very much in different industries and different parts of the country. In some relations were good and even better than they had been; but over a large part of the industrial world my account is not exaggerated. I can call two well-known and highly optimistic witnesses, one on each side. In a recently published volume on *After-War Problems*, edited by Mr. W. H. Dawson, are two chapters on the relations of employers and employed, one by the late Sir Benjamin Browne, the other by Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P. Both make the very best of the present prospects, but both are constrained to admit a bad state of things before the War. Sir B. Browne says "There is no doubt that before the War the relations between labor and capital were most unsatisfactory—far more so than they are normally." Mr. Roberts says "In pre-War days employers and employed were drifting rapidly into a state of mutual suspicion and ill-concealed antagonism." The terms are comparatively mild, as they naturally would be from gentlemen representing the opposite camps and anxious to avoid provocation, but they are for that reason all the more corroborative of my account which is that of a

looker-on only concerned to see things as they are. But no one conversant with the facts will deny the truth of what I have said, with the limitation indicated above.

The crucial question is—what has been the effect of the War? Has it improved relations and softened the previous antagonism or not? The popular view is that it has through "the industrial truce," the various agreements made, and, generally, community of interest and action in the national cause. What I wish to say is that this belief is a complete delusion. Antagonism has hardened, not softened, and relations are worse, not better. I say that in the most positive manner, and I know that not only employers and labor men in the center of affairs but also independent persons brought into close contact with labor problems think so too. I could show exactly how and why this has come about if I had space, but the story is too long for the end of an already long article. I can only insist on the fact and mention two or three points in confirmation. In spite of the "industrial truce," special machinery for settling disputes, full employment, high wages, and above all the great national emergency, there have been more strikes during the War than the average for many years previous to 1911. And the ferment has grown. Surely it is proof enough that now, after three years, the Government have been constrained to appoint a special Commission of Inquiry into "labor unrest." In the face of that step, to which the Government were reluctantly driven by sheer pressure of events, it is useless to pretend that things have improved. So implacable is the antagonism in the South Wales coal field that the owners had to be turned out. So deep is the men's distrust of employers in the future that restriction of output,

supposed to be given up, has not even been relaxed in the engineering trades. In no industry have trade-union rules been completely suspended; in some there has been no suspension at all. Overt strife has been to some extent suppressed, but the fighting spirit has been made all the stronger under the surface by suppression. In some places employers and employed are yearning to have it out. The country is on the edge of an industrial volcano; if it does not erupt before the end of the War—and I do not think it will beyond a preliminary rumbling, because the great mass are intensely determined to win—it will certainly erupt after, unless by some miracle an entirely new spirit is poured into the hearts of these antagonists.

What is there to prevent it? State interference? The State is only a degree or two less distrusted than the employers. The one advantage it has over them is that the proceeds do not go into private pockets. In the eyes of Socialists that makes all the difference in the world, but it makes less difference to the workingman who is not a Socialist. He resents "profiteering" during the War, but in ordinary times what he cares most about is his own share and the treatment he gets, and he would rather deal with an employer than with an official. Public ownership does not prevent strife, and the Government has gone bankrupt in credit with both sides during the War. Better relations must come from within, not from without. Some efforts are being made in that direction. The Trades Union Congress favored a three-years' truce, and a National Association of Employers and Employed has been formed, by men who see the danger and how to avert it, for cultivating mutual understanding and good-will. I do not decry these and other efforts of a similar kind. They are well devised for their pur-

pose as far as they go. But the trouble lies with the pugnacious elements on both sides, who will pay no attention to any such organization, and they are quite numerous enough to upset the whole of any industry, and indeed the whole country, for the unions will take fire very readily from one another, and a small outbreak may lead to a great conflagration.

The real crux of the whole matter is the bad employer, by which I mean a grasping, bullying, or underhand treatment of labor. It need not be the owner's doing; it may come from a manager or other official. Employers, like workmen and the rest of us, are of all sorts—good, bad, and indifferent. The bad are not so numerous as they used to be when employers were mostly ex-workmen, who have always been the hardest of taskmasters, in spite of the legendary "good old cordial relations" which generally consisted in getting drunk together. But there are still too many of them. Other employers owe all their labor troubles primarily to them, and the special mischief wrought by the bad employer in these times is that he throws the balance of labor power on the side of the irreconcilable theorists, whose influence has been explained above. The ranks of labor may be divided into three groups—(1) a right wing, consisting of moderate, peaceable, experienced men, mostly fathers of families and householders, (2) a left wing of militant spirits, mostly young men without responsibilities and susceptible to theories, (3) the general mass who stand in between and incline one way or the other according to circumstances. The bad employer tips the balance over to the left wing, and once the trouble is begun it may spread very rapidly and get beyond control. Thus one pugnacious fool can undo the work of a hundred wise men. All this is no news

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to employers, who deplore it more than anyone else, but I do not see how the pugnacious fool is to be controlled. The Government have had the chance under the Munitions Act and missed it. Employers themselves have complained of the indulgence shown to those among them who have taken advantage of the Munitions Act. They would have liked a stern example made, and it would have had a most salutary effect in restoring confidence, now at the lowest ebb. It was a great opportunity lost, I can only suppose, for political reasons.

Much more might be said, but I must hurry on to what is likely to happen. Everybody knows that the return to civil conditions bristles with difficult and contentious points as between employers and employed. They have been so much discussed that I can take them for granted and will only say that they are even more numerous and thorny than most of the discussions indicate. There are openings for strife all along the line. They would not be easily passed by even if a spirit of perfect good-will reigned on both sides; what chance is there of passing them in the atmosphere I have described, with men on both sides eager to rush into every opening they see? There is just a possibility that trade may be so good as to hold off quarreling for a time, but the insatiable pugnacity of man will not long be stayed by that consideration. Provocation will be given and taken somewhere, and the battle will begin. The whole outlook of labor has been changed by the War. Men want not only a higher standard of living but more freedom and equality; they feel entitled to them and strong enough to get them, and they mean to do so. At the beginning of May, Mr. Lloyd George exhorted a deputation from the Labor Party to be audacious in the after-war settlement. The advice is

unnecessary. There will be plenty of audacity, more probably than he will like. The Triple Alliance of Miners, Railwaymen, and Transport Workers can bring all the industrial and commercial activity of the country to a standstill, and they will do it if they are challenged. It is a most ponderous machine, not easily set in motion; but it is not there for show, and the men at the head of it are men of "advanced" ideas and determination. If they are not advanced enough there are others behind them of still more extreme views and there will be no motive of patriotism to restrain the bulk of the men.

In the first instance, then, I expect "direct action" on a tremendous scale, with the result of paralyzed industry, unemployment, distress, food riots, violence and a general turmoil amounting to a sort of civil war. The Government might stop it, but only by changes which would be revolutionary in character. Possibly they may attempt to forestall it and make the revolution peaceful by daring legislative proposals. That might or might not succeed—probably not—but in any case labor will sooner or later supplement direct by political

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action, and very likely secure a majority in the House of Commons. There may be a Labor Government if anyone can form a Ministry; if not, the Party will still control the House of Commons and dictate legislation. The first thing I should expect would be abolition of the House of Lords, then nationalization of mines, railways, and canals, and possibly land; then educational changes, super-taxation, and suppression of the "idle rich."

I do not know that a Labor Government would be worse than any other; it might be better. It would make mistakes, like the others, but different ones; chiefly economic mistakes, being guided by the stereotyped economic fallacies of Socialism. Eventually it would perish from internal dissensions.

I put out these anticipations as a tentative sketch, but without insistence on details. What I am certain of is that we shall have revolutionary changes, not effected without much tribulation and a period of adversity. There will be demolition before there is reconstruction. Perhaps a plain exposure of the prospect may have the effect of modifying events.

A. Shadwell.

SIR HERBERT TREE AND THE ENGLISH STAGE.

AN OPEN LETTER TO AN AMERICAN FRIEND.

You ask me to give you some idea of Herbert Tree—what principles he stood for in art, what was his contribution to the English stage, what was the basis of his personal popularity. And I find it hard to give you satisfactory answers, for two reasons, one of which has to do with you and the other with myself. Let me take the latter first. I have been a friend of Tree for more than a quarter of a century—a rather intimate friend with whom he would discuss matters con-

cerning which he would remain silent with others. He talked freely with me because he thought (and I hope he thought rightly) that I would understand him and sympathize with him. Therefore, now that he is dead, you may be sure that I shall instinctively take his part, and though I may suggest certain lines of criticism, I shall naturally be inclined to laudation rather than censure. I was fond of Tree, and because he had a real affectionateness of disposition—which

sometimes he carefully disguised—companionship with him was always easy and pleasant, and to me delightful.

And now let me turn to your side of the question. I take it that judging Tree entirely from the outside, you have sometimes wondered why on this side of the Atlantic we thought so much of him. You were aware that his first visit to America some years ago was more or less of a failure, and that his idiosyncrasies struck people in that continent more forcibly than his positive qualities. On the occasion of his last visit you were minded to make exceptions and discover differences; you tolerated his Cardinal Wolsey, though the slow delivery of his speeches irritated you; you admired the sumptuous manner in which the play was set on the stage, though sometimes you thought that the frame was too ornate for the picture. When it came to Thackeray, you frankly rebelled. You considered his Colonel Newcome *not* the ideal of an English gentleman, but the laborious effort of an actor to look like it; it seemed to you that the pathos was wrong, the humor sometimes misplaced, the sentimentality too much in evidence. You never saw Tree in Dickens, did you? I ask because in *David Copperfield* Tree gave two performances, both of them admirable. He was both Dan'l Peggotty and Micawber, and of the two I think the Peggotty was the better. He was also a very vivid and picturesque Fagin. And the moral of my remark is that the pathos of Dickens, the humor of Dickens, the sentimentality of Dickens suited Tree's art better than the similar qualities (which exist in a very different form) in Thackeray. If Tree had been a reader of books—he emphatically was not—he might have understood Thackeray better. You cannot get at the author of "Vanity Fair" from the outside, or by any ingenious

or brilliant *a priori* methods; you have got to live with him in prolonged intimacy; his books must be at your bedside; his curious, elusive spirit, half-preacher, half-cynic, must be your constant companion. With Dickens it is different. You can have a very good bowing acquaintance with Dickens and do him little or no injustice. His characters have the melodramatic tinge and strike one easily and forcibly. They are not pure creations of the Comic Spirit like some of the characters of Thackeray and Meredith. Farce, sheer, undiluted Farce, enters into them so largely that for stage purposes they suit admirably an actor with a frank liking for caricature.

And that reminds me that you have not seen—I do not think I am wrong—Tree's Falstaff or his Malvolio. You have missed a good deal, though perhaps you would have had the uneasy feeling that these, too, bordered on caricature. But did not Shakespeare intend them for caricature? I am thinking for the moment of Falstaff, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, not of the hero of Eastcheap. In the historical plays Falstaff is far too prodigious a creature to be included in any of our usual categories. He is a world in himself. He has an overpowering humor and a most wistful pathos. He is Every-man, enlisted in a riotous conception of life and working to his doom with a blithe devil-may-care recklessness. Shakespeare never traced on his canvas a more wonderful being, so detestable and so lovable. But Falstaff in the *Merry Wives*, is a caricature, and Tree, who accepted him as such, gave a ripe, unctuous performance of an All-fatness, oozing out drink and a maudlin sentimentality at every pore, which was quite irresistible. Malvolio belongs to the same order of humanity, the fatuous egotist, the pedantic megalomaniac. Tree was

clearly doubtful whether average audiences would understand the conception, for he repeated Malvolio in the servants who formed his retinue and who, in their turn, caricatured the caricature. In the heyday of Malvolio's pompous idiocy Tree excelled; when it came to the poor pedant, bullied, imprisoned, and tortured, it was of course another matter. But has anyone reconciled the earlier and the later Malvolio? Henry Ainley, who did so well in the part at the Savoy Theatre, found himself confronted with the same difficulty.

You will have gathered, of course, that versatility was Tree's chief characteristic, or, as some might say, his besetting sin. Versatile he undoubtedly was; he tried to show his skill in very different fields of dramatic work. He essayed tragic rôles—at one time he was very anxious to act King Lear, as a pendant or culmination to his Macbeth, his Othello, his Hamlet. He was a comedian either with or without a touch of melodrama; he made his name originally in farce, as those know who saw his *Private Secretary*. Versatility is undoubtedly a perilous gift; you know how a so-called versatile man is supposed to waste himself and his talents in many channels of activity—and to succeed in none. I have said a "so-called versatile man" because no man is really versatile: he only thinks he is, or is idly so reported by others. There is always one thing he does which is better than others, despite his many-sidedness; and if he is wise, he will discover what it is and cultivate it to the best of his ability. Tree liked to be considered many-sided; indeed, he resented any suggestion to the contrary, and for this reason, I suppose, wrote two books, though he ostentatiously declared that he was not a book reader. His restless and unbounded activity was compelled to

show itself in various fields; I do not think I ever came across any man who was more pertinaciously and assiduously alive. He was "a dragon for work," as they say, and had a greater range of vivid interests—literary, political, social, dramatic—than most of us can lay claim to. His quick alertness of spirit, his ready apprehension, his humor—which at times verged on the *macabre*—made him a most stimulating companion. He always saw objects from the less obvious standpoints and delighted in all that was unconventional and paradoxical. His wit was never mordant, nor was it always very pointed. And his epigrams were for the most part ebullitions of high spirits.

But if you ask me in what within his own proper sphere of work, the dramatic, Tree was best, I answer without hesitation. It was, as perhaps you might gather from what has just been said, in the representation of fantastic, eccentric, bizarre characters, characters with a twist in them which made them peculiar and original. Here a long list of successes testifies to the actor's easy mastery. I take some names, just as they occur—Svengali in *Trilby* first and foremost, a fascinating study; the hero and villain in *A Man's Shadow*; Izard in *Business is Business*; Captain Swift; Montjoye in *A Bunch of Violets*; the spectacled Russian detective Demetrius in *The Red Lamp*; Dr. Stockmann in *The Enemy of the People*—there is so long a list that I should weary you if I gave even a tithe of them. But let me add at least the curiously sympathetic impersonation of Caliban, a really remarkable effort of imagination in the sphere of animality, which was in its way quite as illuminating as Browning's *Caliban on Setebos*. To see Tree make up for his part was a privilege I often enjoyed. There in his dress-

ing-room you saw the artist at work, the creative artist who adds touch after touch to complete the picture, until suddenly the whole conception bursts into significant life. When Tree had thoroughly got inside the skin of a character—which often took some time—he seemed to partake of a new and alien life. A singular illustration was Zakkuri in the *Darling of the Gods*, in which by degrees Tree gave us, I do not say a true, but an extraordinarily vivid and convincing, portrait of a Japanese statesman in all his horrible subtlety and coarseness. Another example was Izard in *Business is Business*. Tree was never a smoker in the true sense of the word, he only smoked for the sake of companionship, taking a modest fourpenny cigar, while he gave his guest Coronas. But in Izard he was perpetually smoking big and black-looking cigars. I asked him how he managed to stand it; he answered that, as it seemed natural to the character, he found it easy for himself. Off the stage he could not have done it; on the stage it was appropriate and therefore a piece of unconscious mimicry. Svengali smoked, I think, cigarettes or long Vevey fins. The Duke of Guisebery smoked, quite as to the manner born, a pipe—a luxury in which Tree, the individual, not the actor, never indulged.

You must forgive me for rambling on in this desultory fashion; I want you to understand how, for those who knew him and liked him, Tree the man, over and above all the parts he assumed, gained his great personal ascendancy. It is Tree the man I remember now, and, doubtless, my appreciation of his personality colors all my judgment of his acting. It is Tree the man who figures in my memory, and perhaps his shade—if such things can vex those who have passed into the land of shadows—is

inclined to rebuke me for writing about him. For I recall an incident bearing on the point. He asked me one night at supper at the Garrick what I had been writing. I answered that I had been trying to write an obituary of my friend, H. D. Traill. "That must be an odious task," he said, "the more you like a man the less ought you to write about him." I agreed, but remarked that journalism required such heavy sacrifices of feeling and affection; and that, anyway, it was better that an obituary notice should be written by a friend than by a merely critical observer. This is my only defense now in taking up my pen. In many ways I should have preferred to be silent. To say nothing is the only becoming attitude for friendship. But however more congenial it may be to be silent and to remember, there are other considerations which are bound to be operative. "You are always a little cold when you write about me," Tree said to me once. "Is not that natural?" I replied. "You know the old adage about a cold hand and a warm heart." "It is all very well to dissemble your love. But why did you kick me downstairs?" Tree quoted gaily. "But of course I understand," he added with his genial smile. As a matter of fact, we never had even the slightest difference in all the twenty-seven years of companionship. With most men he had an open, genial manner which they found very attractive. Even his occasional affectations—which no one laughed at more heartily than Tree himself, but which obviously he could not help—did not annoy them, because they found them amusing. I am not sure, however, whether women understood him as well as men—any more than the average woman can understand why to some of us Falstaff is as great a creation as Hamlet.

Yes, I know what you are thinking at this moment. You imagine that I shrink from the main issue and that I am toying with purely subsidiary points just because I find it difficult to solve your main problem. I answer, however, that some things, perhaps subsidiary and unessential as you feel, must be understood first before we are in any position to arrive at a positive conclusion. Let us admit without reserve that Tree as a personality was greater than anything he accomplished; but you must allow me to observe that that in itself is a compliment, and in the case of many artists a very great one. Moreover, it makes no little difference in the result how and in what spirit you approach the consideration of a character. To me the important point is to ask what a man can do, not to worry yourself about what he cannot do. The latter attitude leads to purely barren criticism and an enumeration of unilluminating negatives. The former gives one interesting glimpses of psychology. It is the same with other things besides men. It is true of a piece of mechanism like a bicycle or a motor-car; it is true also of a dog or a semi-personal being, like a ship. You will never get the best out of such objects, you will never get the best out of ordinary human relations, unless the positive occupies you more than the negative, what can be done rather than what cannot. Do not smile at such truisms. So far as I can judge, they are often quite curiously and wantonly disregarded by many men, most women, and a large proportion of critics.

Somewhere—I think in “*The Mirror of the Sea*”—Mr. Joseph Conrad remarks that certain shipmasters are like Royal Academicians. They are eminently safe, but they never startle you by a fresh audacity of inspiration or a touch of originality. There are

actors of a similar kind. They are quite sure of themselves, they can be trusted to do the right thing at the proper moment, they are recognized leaders of the profession who will always give you the same sort of acting, quite good, quite reputable, quite adequate (hateful word!), but devoid of any disturbing brightness of emotion or fancy. No one could charge Tree with belonging to this solemn order of artist. He was always unexpected, daring, original. He often gave one a shock of surprise, welcome or unwelcome. He was good when you anticipated a relative failure; poor, when you could have wagered on his success. His acting was never monotonous, rarely the same from night to night. Like his conversation, it was full of quick turns and unlooked-for spurts of wit. For the same reason, his figure as he moved on the stage was vivid, graphic, picturesque, satisfying the eye, even when occasionally he failed to satisfy the mind. When he was acting Mark Antony in the Forum scene he broke off the famous speech in the middle, came down from the rostrum and finished his speech, standing on a broken pillar. I argued with him about this, suggesting that if Mark Antony was really holding his audience he would never have altered his position. Tree answered: “You forget the soon-wearied eye of the spectator: he becomes tired of one situation and demands another.” “Besides,” he added with a whimsical smile, “change is a necessity for my nature.” It was indeed. And owing to this he became tired and bored with his part, and sometimes broke off the run of a piece in the midst of a brilliant success. I anticipate what you will say, my critical friend! You will remind me that I am describing the qualities of an amateur, not of a professional. I do not shrink from the conclusion.

Tree had all the best points of an amateur, and some of his triumphs were gained just for that reason. He was a glorified amateur who dared things which a professional never would have dared, and won a shining victory. He mistrusted all talk about technique. "I have not got technique," he once said; "it is a dull thing. It enslaves the imagination." And when he established his school in Gower Street, in which I was able to render some small help, he retained some doubts, which were afterwards dispelled. "You cannot teach acting," he said. No, but you can prepare the groundwork by means of which the natural aptitude gets its chance. And this he subsequently recognized to be the case.

What were the positive contributions of Herbert Tree to the English stage? Here there is some room for dissent and disagreement: I will only put down certain facts in the form in which they appear to me. Remember, in the first place, that he inherited a great tradition from Henry Irving who had set a magnificent example of stage production at the Lyceum. Tree was at first content to carry on the tradition on similar lines. He produced plays with extreme care for detail and many appeals to the eye. There was never anything slipshod either in the method of stage representation or in the attention paid to what the diplomats call "imponderabilia." Indeed, it was the care taken over the minutiae which guaranteed the effectiveness of the whole. Thanks in especial to Irving and Tree, London stage production reached a higher level of completeness and finish than was to be seen in foreign capitals. Sarah Bernhardt and other foreign visitors acknowledged that in this respect they did not do things better in France. Gradually Tree bettered the examples of his predecessors. His

critics said he over-elaborated his effects; his friends were never tired of welcoming new grades of beauty. I take only two instances out of many which offer themselves in recollection. Probably there never was a more beautiful stage picture than Olivia's pleasaunce in *Twelfth Night*. We talk of the hanging gardens of Babylon as of something legendary and rare. Here before our eyes were to be seen Olivia's hanging gardens, a dream of exquisite and appealing beauty which seemed to bring out the more clearly by contrast the vulgarity and coarseness of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, while it enhanced the delicacy of Viola and Olivia herself. The other example I will take is from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. You will recall that though the scene is supposed to be laid in the neighborhood of Athens, the feeling, the atmosphere of the play belong essentially to Stratford, and England. Accordingly, Tree gave us, alternately with some marble seats and olive trees, splendid glimpses of British forests in which the fairies ran wild and Bottom and his companions rehearsed their uncouth theatricals. Anything more restful to the eye than these glades of sylvan beauty I have never seen on any stage. I used to drop into the theatre while the play was going on just to realize once more the solemn delightful effect of the old beeches sheltering the wayward fancies of Oberon, Titania, and Puck, and providing a rehearsal ground for *Pyramus and Thisbe*. I must also add something about the elaborate scene at the end of the play when the pillars of the Duke's palace glow with internal light to enable the fairies to carry on their domestic tasks of making everything clean and sweet for the mortals. It was beautiful, but perhaps too elaborate. One missed in this case the

note of simplicity, the wise sobriety of an accomplished artist who would not strive "to do better than well" lest he should "confound his skill in covetousness." There were charming pictures, too, in the *Tempest*, little sea fairies peeping round the edges of the rocks, while Ariel sported in the pools, which one remembers with gratitude. But, indeed, the time would fail me if I were to recount half the wonders which the magician Tree displayed before our eyes in play after play. You may call him a consummate decorator, if you like, *le Tapissier du notre Théâtre*, as Luxemburg—was it not?—was called by reason of his conquest of flags and other costly stuff, *le Tapissier de Notre-Dame*. But I maintain that he had the eye, the feeling, the touch of an artist.

It would be a small matter to decorate the outside of the vase if it did not contain within itself rare and exquisite essences. Tree soon realized that decoration in itself could only please the groundlings or the diletantes, and that the main matter of consequence was the spirit in which the whole adventure was attempted. What was the character of the adventure? It was to give the British stage dignity as well as charm, high seriousness as well as æsthetic adornment. It was for this reason that from time to time he put before his public—a *clientèle*, by the way, which was always steadily growing—stately performances of Shakespearean plays, incidentally proving that our great English dramatist did not necessarily spell bankruptcy, but, judiciously treated, might be made to yield a fair percentage of profit. He varied his program with lighter fare, as a matter of course: a man who had undertaken the responsibility of so large a theatre as His Majesty's was bound to keep a steady eye on the

booking-office and replenish his coffers now and again by popular appeals. Unfortunately, our public is not always spurred and exalted to finer issues; and though Shakespeare under special conditions can become almost popular, a certain melodramatic blatancy—or at least insistence—has a more distinct pecuniary appeal. Where theatres are not supported by municipalities or the State, the lessee and manager is forced to "go here and there and make himself a motley to the view" for base considerations of solvency. But Tree did not forget the higher obligations of the position he had attained. As head of the profession he realized his responsibilities. He was full of the idea of the importance of the theatrical art, as a main instrument of culture and as a most necessary element in civic and social life. He did not work merely for his own hand, but upheld the claims of his calling. He instituted a Shakespearean week—a most costly undertaking—in order to keep alive our indebtedness to the Elizabethan stage. He presided at meetings, made speeches, inaugurated movements, pushed and encouraged various policies, in order to prove that actors were important elements in the community who had their proper functions in the body politic. You know how many speeches Tree made in the United States, not because speaking was easy to him—it never was—but because he felt it to be his duty to represent British interests and ideals in this appalling universal war. Only a week or two before his death he told me that he often composed the speech he was presently going to deliver while he was declaiming Wolsey's long "farewell to all his greatness" before his audience in *Henry VIII*.

There is no doubt that the career of this well-equipped actor and most

competent manager and lessee had a beneficial effect on the English stage; for Tree had a great organizing ability and admirably quick and valuable intuitions. But you will naturally ask me a question which has long been on the tip of your tongue—I am writing to you as though I actually saw and witnessed your impatience—the question as to Tree's attitude towards the future of the dramatic art. Granted that his influence on his contemporary public was all to the good, what about his relation to novel movements and to those efforts which zealous innovators have made to "reform" the drama? The future of the English stage! Ah, but will you tell me what is the future? There was a movement some few years back, to which I will return presently. But what is the prospect now? Looking superficially at existing facts, one might give several replies. Apparently the tendency at the present moment is in the direction of light, frivolous entertainments, only intended to amuse and distract men's minds from the horrible preoccupation with the war. American comedies have had their chance, and succeeded in proportion to the farcical elements they have contained. Revues flourish as much as ever—perhaps rather more than they used to. Composite entertainments, musical, droll, heterogeneous, are in vogue, especially if they have enlisted in their company at least one clever woman and one reputedly clever man. Mr. H. B. Irving with admirable boldness tried *Hamlet*, but it had to be withdrawn for want of support. Serious plays seem to be at a discount, unless, like M. Brieux's plays, *Les Avariés*, and *Les trois filles de M. Dupont*, and Ibsen's *Ghosts*, they make an appeal which is not mainly histrionic. Doubtless some of these phenomena are due to the unreal conditions of the time; they

are symptomatic not of currents of artistic or inartistic fashion running below the surface, but of our unrest, our weariness, our irrepressible feeling that, set against the lurid background of ceaseless warfare, no artistic effort matters very much. Meanwhile our theatres are full—when they are full—of officers and soldiers on leave accompanied by their sisters or cousins or lovers who only want their military friends to be happy—and this is not the kind of theatrical audience which cares for dramatic art or even desires to think at all. Tree brought back from America a piece in which he strongly believed. *The Great Lover*, I think, was its name. He had every intention of producing it forthwith; but what success it might have secured under present conditions is an unsolved problem. The great success in London is, of course, *Chu Chin Chow*, a piece beautifully presented and full of elaborate and admirable pictures. But it is hardly a play in the sense in which you and I understand the term.

Still, you remember that there was a movement going on a few years back, which we associate with Granville Barker and with a competent body of actors—Ainley, Nicholson, Leon Quartermaine, Lillah McCarthy, and others.* It was an effort in the direction of greater simplicity of stage presentation and the abolition of long waits between scenes and acts. It revealed to us, for instance, that some of Shakespeare's plays could be given in three hours without any cuts and omissions—so that we might be seeing the plays more or less as the author intended that we should. Time was gained by making the actors speak faster, without wearisome pauses and unimpressive silences. I don't think I have ever heard an

*Mr. Martin Harvey tried similar experiments in *Taming of the Shrew* and *Hamlet*.

actor speak with such rapidity as Ainley achieved as Laertes in *A Winter's Tale*. The movement included some elements of mere freakishness, as when Barker gave the fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream* gilded faces. But the scenery, though elementary, was to a sufficient degree picturesque, and the acting was persuasively good. A similar method applied to *Macbeth* or *Othello* would have been very instructive. Meanwhile *Twelfth Night*, so treated, had a real effectiveness of its own. And the daring experiment of putting Mr. Hardy's *The Dynasts* on the boards was, within the limits prescribed, a triumph.

I do not think that Tree had much sympathy with this movement. He took a great interest in it, of course, just as he did in the Russian Ballet, which he visited as often as he could. But so far as I could make out he preferred older methods. With regard to the Russian Ballet, he once remarked with no little acuteness that it struck him as "the gilded plaything of an effete autoocracy"; and with regard to Granville Barker's productions he seemed to feel—though I do not remember a definite statement—that they were bizarre, freakish experiments which could only appeal to a section of the public and not to the great mass of theatre-goers. For himself, remember that he had the vast auditorium of His Majesty's resting on his shoulders, and that he was bound to consider the tastes not of sections, but of the public at large. He always insisted on this fact. "I have to find something which will be agreeable to stalls, upper circle, pit, gallery—all at once." And directly we think of the many-headed public who keep theatres going, and the difficulty there is in finding a common focus for their ardent, unsophisticated enthusiasm and their uncritical ap-

proval, we shall begin to recognize the burden laid on theatrical *entrepreneurs* and the necessary contrast between their point of view and that of irresponsible dramatic critics.

I do not know if I have satisfied your curiosity in these few remarks of mine. I recognize that yours is a legitimate curiosity from the standpoint of a man like yourself who stands outside our more intimate interests and desires to view a situation in its broad and general features. To you Herbert Tree is an actor and a manager who has done certain large things in a large way, and has either succeeded or failed. To us he is a many-sided personality, in whose case mere histrionic success is only one element in a complex and varied whole. On one point I think you may feel confidence. If you admit that Tree fills a conspicuous space in our admiration and regard, you will also have to accept this as a solid fact—even though it may surprise you—with which you have to reckon. He has had many admirers and no few devoted friends. He was believed in as a force in our dramatic world, as a man who consistently held a high ideal for our stage, and employed his sympathy, his energy, and his own remarkable powers in a valiant attempt at its realization. That is a simple fact which cannot be gainsaid; and it must enter into your general estimate on the other side of the Atlantic, as it has already done and will increasingly do into ours on this side.

A high ideal for the stage? Perhaps you stop over this phrase and feel some hesitation in adopting it. But if you do, you are up against one of those baffling points in psychology which affect many other men besides Tree. How much of the ideal must be sacrificed in daily practice if anything whatever is to be achieved? Does the ideal cease to be an ideal if

it ever be forgotten? Can one worship the ideal in secret and deny it in the open light of day? Is compromise a reputable, even if necessary, policy? Ah, who shall scrutinize his conscience without many pangs of self-reproach in questions like these! That Tree produced some unworthy pieces it would be absurd to deny. He did, and he knew he did—just as he knew also that he must keep up a great theatrical establishment and transact a vast business, for which the possession of funds was obligatory. I remember one occasion at a club after the production of a gaudy melodrama—I will not mention its name for fear of getting into trouble with the author—when some of us were chaffing—I think you call it “chipping”—Tree concerning some of its banal effects and its “popular” character. He loved being chaffed, or, at all events, he bore it with unflinching good humor, and riposted gaily on his critics. As a matter of fact, the piece was a pecuniary success. But Tree by himself was in a different mood. He knew what he was doing, and was not proud of it. “Compromise, the god of the shiftless,” he used to say.

You remember Henry James’s ironical little story, “The Lesson of the Master”? In that you will find the philosophy of the matter. An older

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novelist preaching to a younger novelist, warns him against being seduced from his high ideals by such encumbrances as a wife and children and the obligation of keeping up a costly and hospitable house. The young writer is duly impressed until he discovers that his mentor—even after his melancholy experience of what marriage can do to deaden aspiration—deliberately marries again, and marries the very girl with whom the young disciple of the master was in love! How shockingly cynical, one says, and then, after a moment’s deliberation, how abominably true! It is true, my friend, and true of all of us. A little clearer vision and then the clouds come down again. A glimpse of the pure high ether of heaven and then the rain-splashed earth. We do what we must and not always what we can. Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. I, at all events, have no wish either to bombard you with truisms or to cast stones at Tree. His was a fine, courageous, indomitable character; and over and over again, for his delight and ours, he drew from his intellectual instrument the finest music that nature had hidden in it, and played it as it should be played. Peace be to his ashes—he will be much and widely missed. *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*

W. L. Courtney.

CHRISTINA'S SON.

By W. M. LETTS.

CHAPTER II.

That night, Christina, going to her bedroom, knocked at her son’s door and looked in.

Laurence sat before his dressing-table performing some operation on his watch with a pin. He was breathing heavily in the concentration of his

task. His room was his particular sanctuary. It revealed him as a bedroom generally reveals a character. It was an untidy room, too small for the multitude of things it contained.

School groups adorned the chimney-place, there were shields and coats of arms, and, in the position of honor, his

mother in a frame that he had poked with a red-hot curling-tongs. The walls were hung with his own sketches. There were churches and ruins, streets and squares and fountains. Architecture was not only the young man's business but his delight. The room was littered with drawing-boards, rolls of cartridge paper, T squares, and other implements. There were two or three book-shelves crowded with rather battered volumes, and everywhere a medley of things that in some way were beautiful, pieces of pottery, pictures from art magazines, things very cheap to suit a small purse, but showing a mind that was always in quest of color and form.

It seemed that the little germ of art in Christina, a germ suppressed by commonplace conditions, had ripened in the son until it gave promise of fruit. From the moment Laurence had entered the office of Marshall and Maurice his gift had been recognized. But over against it his shrewd masters set his laziness and capriciousness, and his ultimate success in the profession was only a matter of conjecture. In designing public-houses and schemes of drainage Laurence was indifferent and unoriginal, though, as Mr. Maurice observed, everybody wants drains and public-houses while only a few want cathedrals.

Christina made it a labor of love to tidy the boy's room herself, so that no hand but hers might disturb or rearrange the treasures. Now, as she saw her son sitting there in his shirt sleeves, she felt the old joy of possession in him that had been hers twenty-six years ago, when an ugly red little baby had been laid in her arms.

She explained her presence to him. "Are you going to the seven o'clock Celebration with the girls or to the eight o'clock with me, dear?" she asked.

Laurence laid down his watch cautiously. He spoke with an effort.

"Look here, mother, I'm not going to either—not this Easter anyway."

Christina was silent. Her little world seemed suddenly to rock. Like other women, she clung loyally to religious habit and tradition. Laurence had always made a point of accompanying his mother to church on the great festivals. At other times he went with her or by himself as he fancied. But Easter and Christmas had seemed the religious pledges of their love. It was Christina's highest moment, when she knelt by her son's side before the altar. She felt then that he was safe, still God's and still her own. This threatened break in the old order filled her with dismay.

"Won't you, dear?" she said; then holding the flying skirts of wisdom, she added hastily, "Then I won't trouble you with questions, Laurence. A man's soul is his own and not his mother's. One may forget that, but it is so. Good-night, my son."

"Wait," cried Laurence, "come in and shut the door. Sit down on my bed there. Look here, mother, it's this way. I can't be a humbug. I may have lost faith—I have—a good deal, but I haven't lost reverence. Holy Communion is different from the other services. I've inherited your ideas and your tradition, and that keeps me away."

"But, dear, if you've anything on your mind . . . or on your conscience, there's confession; Rosa goes you know; or if it's just doubts, can't you talk things over with Mr. Hargreaves or with the new curate; you said he was so clever?"

Laurence rubbed his hands up through his hair. "But I can't talk things out," he said; "I can draw, but I can't talk. Somehow this last year or so, things have got vague and dim. It seems to me Christianity must beso

much wider and less dogmatic than any church admits. I've got a notion that the Socialist, atheist or not, is the real Christian. If he doesn't love God at least he loves his brother."

"But, my dear, you can be a Christian Socialist. Isn't the Church the most socialistic society in the world? Its sacraments are the same for all men of all ranks, its offices are for all. A peasant may rise to be an archbishop, or to be the Pope. There is really no rank recognized by the Church. A beggar could kneel by a duke at Holy Communion. Our Lord would come to them both. Why, Laurence, isn't that Socialism?"

Laurence pulled off his boots in silence. "I can't talk," he reiterated, "but I just have my feelings about things. Tolstoi and General Booth have been the most striking men of our time, yet no one calls them good Catholics. The Church as I see it is something far wider than our limits. All this bickering about creed and ceremony—whether somebody is a Catholic or isn't, whether Rome or Canterbury or Moscow or the City Temple or the Kirk is most right, or most wrong; all this war of words about mere nothings, while people are huddled in stinking houses, and women are sold to hell to put money in the pockets of devils. When the Church gives all its time to fight the capitalism of drink and lust, I'll believe in it. I tell you, mother, every drunken man and hungry child, every woman who lives by sin, is such an argument against the Church as you'll find it hard to disprove. Charity is the best religion."

Christina realized vaguely that this was windy talk, but her logic failed her.

"Christ felt like that about the world," she said, "and yet He made a Church and ordained Sacraments. He remembered souls as well as bodies. I think one must have some code, Laurence. You shouldn't blame Chris-

tianity for bad Christians any more than you blame Science for the ignorant boys in a science class."

Laurence wandered about the room.

"Anyway, I've lost my bearings a bit," he answered. "Don't worry, mother, I'll try and keep straight for your sake, and that's all that really counts. I'm in a Hamlet state of mind. One doesn't know what to think in these days; everyone worries and everyone has a new religion, or a new cure, or a new fad to set things straight. Life seems to me just one vast jig-saw puzzle, that has got upset and that no one can put right again."

Christina's face expressed ardent sympathy. "Oh! my dear, I wish I could help you, but I'm not a clever woman. My ideas would seem foolish and illogical to a man."

"Don't worry, mother. I believe in your religion anyway."

"In mine; but I'm so behind the times, Laurence. I'm not philosophical or logical, and I'm not definite like Rosa . . . but oh! my dear, there is some one who could help you if you asked her."

Laurence turned to look at his mother.

"Her?" he said sharply.

Christina flushed. She realized that she was on the brink of imprudence, but she plunged. "I mean Hermione, Laurence; don't you see what a fine girl she is? I know women see women as men can't. But she is so nice-looking too, and you're such friends. Laurence . . . I'd never meant to say this, but if there is a woman I could give you to, it's Hermione."

Laurence laughed.

"Mother! I never thought of you as a matchmaker."

"Dear, I'm not. But when one's old one wants to leave things settled. I know your marriage is inevitable. How selfish that sounds! But one

can't *want* to lose one's children. The day will come, that is only natural . . . but I can only give you up to the right woman."

"But, Hermione! Why, we're such friends, mother, we've known each other so long, and then her parents are rich, they'd never look at me—it would be horrible impudence."

"With Hermione to help you, you could do anything, Laurence. You have the brains and she has strength, sense, capacity. She's trustworthy. Think of it, my son."

"But, mother, she wouldn't look at me. It's madness. She's richer than I am, and she's good-looking, as you say. What have I to offer her?"

Christina looked at her son. He stood before her smiling. She could not dissociate herself from her motherhood to judge him. It seemed to her that a woman must love him.

"You have your Art to offer," she said.

"But I've done nothing yet. Some day, who knows? If you believe in me long enough it may come, mother. But another woman won't be so patient."

Christina rose to go.

"You'll be tired, dear, I mustn't keep you up. Good-night."

She went to the door, but her eye was caught by a new sketch and she paused. It was some old city in silhouette against a twilight sky, a walled mediaeval city of many towers and spires and steep roofs. A great Cathedral was cut in darkness against the faint sky. Its fretted stones entangled the first stars.

"Laurence, what is this place, Carcassonne or Rouen or where?"

The mother spoke diffidently. She was always timid of betraying ignorance to her children. Often she feared to praise lest her admiration should be undiscerning. She had, she knew, a taste for the pretty. A certain effective

crudity in modern art repelled her. But this town seemed to her beautiful and suggestive of infinite romance.

"No . . . it's nowhere on the map, mother."

"You didn't invent it, Laurence?"

"Not exactly? I go there in my dreams; it's my *Urbs Beata*. Generally I go alone; some day I may take some one else there. But we reach it at dusk and see it dark against a pale sky. It's just an idea. I'll stick it away somewhere. It's not worth keeping."

"But it's beautiful. If you don't want it, couldn't I have it, dear? I'd love it so."

Laurence laughed.

"I'll do you another like it. That's what Rosa and I used to call 'a privacy.' It'll go into my own portfolio. I have a sort of sneaking regard for it. You shall have something else, mother."

"Very well. Good-night, darling. God bless you."

Laurence followed her to kiss her. He was often careless of demonstration, or shy of it. He lived much in a little world of his own, as the one artist in a family must do. Into this world his mother could not follow him. But he loved her as truly and often as unconsciously as we all love our necessities, whether they be mothers or pieces of familiar house furniture.

Now he hugged Christina affectionately.

"Nice little mother," he said, "we'll stick to each other, won't we? If no one else will marry me, you will, and we'll live happily ever after."

Christina glowed with grateful happiness.

"No one could love you as I do. Laurence."

"Well! if I don't get to Heaven, you'll send out a search party to bring me in, eh, mother?"

She smiled with tears in her eyes.

"I can't imagine any peace in

Heaven without my children," she answered, "and if I feel that, surely God feels it for His children. There! Good-night, my son."

CHAPTER III.

In the afternoon of Easter Day, Mr. Ingleby appeared according to his fixed habit. He was an old man now, white-haired and rather bent.

The young Traveses accepted him as one of the eternal facts of life, invariable and Sunday-like as the mid-day sirloin. To Rosa he was almost a father. She had taken her conception of religion from him rather than from her mother. To Laurence he was a tolerant friend; since the boy's confirmation he had not referred to himself as his godfather.

Mr. Ingleby kept a flute in Christina's drawing-room and played a little at these times, putting in an *obligato* while Rosa sang. He generally stayed to supper with his friends, and went away comforted by that feeling of stability that is born of an old friendship.

On this Easter Sunday he came just as the younger people were setting off for the evening service at a little church in the country district beyond Westhampton.

Rosa let him in.

"Now you'll take care of mother for us," she said gaily. "Theresa is going out and mother will be alone."

The old man took her hands and kissed her, then held her from him.

"What? New clothes for Easter! what pretty ones!" he exclaimed. "You get prettier every day, child. I don't like it, we shall lose you too soon. But the rascal must have my consent first."

Rosa blushed and dimpled. Her eyes were shining. She had been throughout the day in a state of suppressed excitement. "If he's very nice?" she asked.

"Rosa! you puss, I believe . . ."

She laid her hand against his mouth.

"Hush! . . . here's Jack . . . Jack Brown, he's coming to church with us."

She disappeared abruptly, leaving Mr. Ingleby to greet Jack.

Jack Brown, the successful engineer, had just returned from Canada where he had prospered exceedingly. Mrs. Brown grew garrulous over Jack's bridges and roads and all his works. Christina at these times was not a little jealous for her son. At present Laurence's great works were in dreamland.

Mr. Ingleby came in to the little drawing-room. It was scented by the wistful rather funereal scent of narcissus and jonquil. Christina rose to greet him. Hermione and Laurence were there too, but ready to start for church. Laurence, to comfort his mother, had expressed a firm determination to go to Evensong.

Rosa came into the room. She seemed nervously gay.

"I think I'll stay as your chaperone," she said, and laughed, for the idea of any romance still pertaining to her stout and elderly mother and old Mr. Ingleby seemed wholly absurd. To Rosa thirty was the barrier between romance and a sedate common sense. Besides, to her a mother was a person wholly absorbed in maternal duties and reflections. She kissed Mr. Ingleby again with a covert glance at Jack Brown who was watching her attentively.

"My dear . . . my dear," he said gently, "what a kind little girl you are to the old man. God bless you."

When the hall door had slammed behind the church-goers, Mr. Ingleby took his favorite chair by the fireside and looked reflectively at the flames. Christina was opposite to him in her chair, her fingers busy with knitting.

She was never idle. The fox-terrier, indignant at his rejection by the out-of-door party, had returned to the hearth-rug where he lay prone. Mr. Ingleby spoke.

"How beautiful youth is. It has faults, but its vitality atones for them."

"Yes, but it is just that which makes one feel so old."

"You . . . my dear Mrs. Travis, you are not old."

"My dear friend, I am elderly. I feel it in my bones, and I feel it mentally. I lag behind the times. I recognize the symptoms that I noted in my own parents."

"And what are these symptoms?"

"The conviction that my own young days were better days than these. That is a sure sign, you must admit. There seems to me a lack somewhere, lack of definite belief and purpose, lack of discipline. The center of life seems lost and everyone is seeking it."

"To me that is explained by the great lack of definite religion. The old evangelical school had its discipline, its strict Sunday-keeping, family prayers, restricted gaieties. It offered a code and enthusiasm to those who were not repelled. The revival of English Catholicism offers the same thing in a different, more appealing manner, but perhaps it has come too late. Most people reject any discipline."

Christina sighed.

"There's Laurence," she said, "I'm sure I never worried him with religion. I was so afraid of disgusting or wearying him. He was confirmed at school when he was sixteen. They ought to have taught him what to think. But he seems quite at sea."

Mr. Ingleby nodded.

"A faith that asks no sacrifices isn't a faith that men will love or follow. I fear that the moderate

Church party loses hold by being so moderate. It makes none of those demands that the 'extremes' do make. I believe it is responsible for this general apathy."

"Wouldn't you think that they'd teach boys at school about their faith?"

"Apparently they don't. A nice chat with your housemaster about manliness and living a straight life will not give you a very clear idea of what you believe or why you believe it, nor will it inspire you with any zeal or devotion for that nice, moderate, comfortable, unexact Church which he represents."

"Yet moderate Church people are very good," Christina protested.

"Most certainly they are; they would most likely be good people under any circumstances. But I wonder what your prodigal son and your woman 'who was a sinner' feel in moderate Church surroundings. I think the old Evangelical with his talk of conversion and his passionate realization of the Atonement will have more to offer them, and I'm certain the true High Churchman with his belief in the Sacrament of Penance can give them comfort and a faith that asks great things and gives great things."

Christina nodded gently. She knew that old people grow eager, even garrulous on the questions dear to them. She liked Mr. Ingleby to have the relief of airing his views to her alone, and then he would not be likely to refer to them at supper when Jack might be bored and Laurence argumentative. To listen patiently to a man was still, in Christina's code, the whole duty of woman.

"Ah! yes, talking of sinners," she said gently. "You know that the Warwick Browns have taken a house again in Westhampton. I believe several people are letting bygones be bygones and calling on them. I'm

glad that there's no question of my doing so, for I certainly shouldn't; but the daughter Lucilla comes up to our Browns, and they want her to come to this subscription dance that Rosa is getting up."

"Ah! what did you say?"

"What could I say? It's not the poor girl's fault that her mother is . . . or was a bad woman. There's the more reason to try and be kind to her. Besides, Laurence thought it so unjust to taboo her."

"Yes, of course he was right."

"I feel a sort of uneasiness about it. I wish the Warwick Browns hadn't come back. You know I really dislike his brother, our Mr. Brown, but he, poor man, is so crippled with rheumatism that he can't walk, so I'm sorry for him. Indeed, I often go and sit with him while his poor wife gets a little walk. She hardly ever leaves him, he is so exacting and so rude and cross to her. She certainly is a saint."

Mr. Ingleby nodded.

"Nor even the Poor Clares or the Carmelites can suggest a severer discipline than a bad husband, eh?"

"No, indeed."

They both sighed. The dog, having toasted himself to an almost unbearable degree of heat, rose and flung himself heavily down on the stained boards near the window.

"Play to me a little," said Mr. Ingleby, "something simple and comforting. I love your music."

Christina smiled at him gratefully.

"I'm afraid my fingers grow stiff, and I never practise if the children are about. I note my age in my failure to grasp new points of view. I like so little of the new music, it is so strange . . . so unsatisfying."

"Yes . . . I grow old too. What they call poetry now is to me strange rhymeless stuff that sends me back to Tennyson and Browning . . . or to

my dear Carolines, but I too love the old Victorian gods."

Mr. Ingleby rose to light the piano candles. "It is not our day," he said, "it is theirs."

When four people set out to walk together, it is likely that they will fall into two couples, and it is even probable that this disintegration may become permanent. Hermione and Laurence fell into step together. They were fast walkers, but Rosa and Jack Brown were soon ahead seemingly absorbed in converse that brooked of no interruption.

The evening had that sense of peace which belongs to Easter Day. There were many church-goers walking two and two in the late sunshine. The air was full of bells. Over the country spring had passed, leaving a fine mist of young green, the more lovely for the contrast of dark bough and trunk, of ploughed land and gray walls.

Since his mother's speech concerning Hermione the night before, Laurence had regarded the girl with new interest. As he looked at her he felt conscious of the comfortable sanity of her nature. "But she is like another man," he said to himself.

They talked of indifferent matters till they were near the little church, whose bell was ringing quickly, as if to hurry the tardy.

"Those two have never once looked back at us," said Laurence.

Hermione smiled at him.

"No, can't you see? They've neither eyes nor ears for anyone else. It's splendid! I'm so glad. Jack is such a man, such a real man. Rosa and he will make an ideal pair, both so good, so strong . . . so modern in a nice sense."

Laurence paused.

"Let's stay here by the wall and talk," he suggested. "Look at that primrose sky behind the elm. We'll see

the paschal moon rise as we come back. Oh! so that's what it is? Certainly Rosa has been funny lately, jerky and absent-minded. So that's love . . . how odd it seems."

"Odd—why?"

"Of course love is inevitable. But Rosa—one never connects romance with one's sister."

"But with some one else's sister, Laurence?"

"You've no brothers, Hermione."

Hermione laughed carelessly.

"Laurence! What a ridiculous speech from you. The bell is stopping, come on or we'll be late."

The young man followed reluctantly. He signed to his companion to choose a pew at the bottom of the nave. Jack and Rosa were in a corner together near a pillar. After the vulgar pious custom of lovers, they shared a prayer book, although disused books lay round them like leaves.

And because this fever is the most infectious of all fevers, Laurence began to think that he too had caught it and that he really loved the girl beside him.

There was something of sentiment in his surroundings, something in the service that fostered this illusion. Sunday Evensong is typical of England. There is something about it that must catch at the heart-strings of those who are homesick in foreign lands. The subdued lights, the beauty of the liturgy, the sense of Sunday tranquillity weave a spell that is both peaceful and pathetic. It is the service of humble lovers. Those who are "walking out" attend it. It is a quiet interlude in the week's rush and turmoil, a time when hearts grow tender, and souls impressionable, and Laurence, sensitive to every impression, felt its influence and wished that he and Hermione might never part.

The haunting wistfulness of the time

and the service seemed concentrated in the hymn, "Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go."

Rosa, with tears in her eyes, swayed a little to the melody.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we cry.

Her hand touched her lover's, and she thrilled with the wonder and joy of that contact. And Laurence resolved that he too would knock at the magic door and beg admittance.

In the church porch Rosa and Hermione had time for a vehement squeezing of hands and a whispered dialogue.

"Will you go on, Hermione?"

"Yes . . . of course."

"We want to go to daddy's grave."

"I see . . . oh! Rosa, I'm so glad."

"I wish daddy knew."

"I'm sure he does."

Hermione signed to Laurence to follow.

"Let's go on, we'll see them later," she said.

"I'm willing enough. Look . . . Hermione, there's the Easter moon rising behind the elms. What a night!"

Hermione walked rapidly at no lover's pace.

"I wonder will your mother be glad about Rosa and Jack," she said suddenly.

"Glad? Why not? Mothers like making matches, don't they?"

"No! not real mothers like yours. They seem glad, and they are glad in their own unselfish, impersonal way, but there's always the sword in their own souls."

"Mother will live with me," Laurence answered; "of course she can't go out to Canada, that would be absurd. Besides, since I left school mother and I have always been together."

"I love your mother."

"I know you do, Hermione . . . I wish you'd become her daughter really."

"Really? I am spiritually, isn't that really?"

"Her daughter-in-law if you like it put plainly. Oh! don't walk so fast; do let's wait at this stile and watch the moon rise."

Hermione turned her friendly blue eyes to his face.

"Laurence, you're surely not proposing to me?"

"Yes, I am, why not? It's great impudence, I know; that's why I offer you my mother whom you do love rather than myself, whom you don't."

Hermione seemed not at all embarrassed. Her eyes met his without flinching.

"But, dear Laurence," she answered, "you don't love me; I know you don't. Or, if you do, it is with the love I have for you, that is brotherly and sisterly, and nothing else."

"I do love you. I don't want you to go away; I want you to be there all the time. Do stay with us."

Hermione's face set into sudden gravity and she looked away.

"Ah! but that's what I can't do. I've got something else to do," she answered.

"Something else . . . what?"

Hermione had seated herself on the stile. She had pulled off her gloves and was stretching them out with strong white fingers.

"Will you try to understand, Laurence?" she asked quickly. "It's so hard to talk when people don't understand."

"Yes, I'll try; but what do you mean?"

"It's this, I can't marry—you or anyone. I've got something else to do. There are plenty of women, more than enough for all the husbands in the world . . . and there's work for the

single ones. I'm going into a Sisterhood . . . if they'll have me."

Laurence gasped. To him, as to many, this form of self-sacrifice was so surprising as to be absolutely shocking. Involuntary spinsterhood, or even a voluntary but comfortable form of life, such as that enjoyed by well-to-do maiden ladies and bachelors, was tolerable, but a self-chosen singleness for some good purpose seemed to him fanatic and terrible.

"But you . . . you are beautiful, Hermione," he said, expressing his conviction that the nun is at all times a plain and disappointed woman.

"All the better."

"But why should you do it, Hermione? Why can't you be good without it?"

"Why should you enter the army when you can be a volunteer, Laurence? I suppose because the army is a little bit more effective and more thorough-going. I like whole-hearted measures."

"But to shut yourself up . . . and wear a veil, and cut off your hair, why, it's hateful!"

"Is it? When you're keen about a thing, you like to give as much as you can. I don't want you to think me a prig, but don't you see this is *my* life as architecture is yours. You've got to be an architect. I've got to join a religious order."

Laurence stood mute and puzzled beside the girl. He believed all the old comfortable conventional things about Religious Orders. It was so easy to believe them when he knew no living member of them to disprove his theories. He liked to think that ugly old maids, or disappointed, heart-broken maidens, sought the convent as a refuge. He liked to think that the religious life was embraced by moral cowards who wished to escape the world and to live in comfort at other people's expense. These are simple and convenient thoughts that appeal

to the man-in-the-street. At the best the fanatic idealism that makes men and women cast away the good things of this life seemed to him, as to the man-in-the-street, a relic of mediævalism, that curious barbarous condition when men not only professed to believe in Christianity but behaved as if they did, sacrificing all things like the disciples of old.

"But what'll you do in your Sisterhood?" he asked in a subdued tone.

"Whatever I'm told principally. But I want to help in the penitentiary work. That appeals to me. You like beautiful things, planning them, making them. To me a human being ought to be the most beautiful thing there is. These girls who have been 'ruined,' as people say, make one long to make them beautiful again. Oh! the pity of it . . . Laurence!"

Laurence was easily kindled by enthusiasm; he was besides sensitive and gentle.

"Yes, I see it more now," he answered. "One couldn't grudge you to work like that. Besides, I always felt you'd have to do something big, Hermione."

"No, no, it's not that. It's just one's point of view. Suddenly one sees things as they *are*, God on one side, and what we are on the other. You see it's only now and then that one realizes that religion may be really all true, and that nothing matters but the Kingdom of God, which the Apostles fought for so hard. Some people realize it all the time, but most of us simply never think of it."

Hermione descended from the stile.

"Let's go home," she said; "your mother will wonder where we are."

Laurence took her hand to help her. It was still bare and rather cold. He raised it quickly to his lips.

History repeats itself generation by generation. Christina was in the draw-

ing-room sitting by the fire, Mr. Ingleby was on the sofa reading aloud, when Rosa came in, followed by Jack.

"This is Jack . . . your new son, mother," she said quickly.

Then she began to laugh, and with her arms round her mother's neck she finally wept. Not much was said between them. Deep in her heart Rosa knew that her mother had not climbed this height of life, and had not seen the Promised Land. This was a joy she could not comprehend.

Christina knew it too. She was a little shy with her daughter, almost awestruck by this splendor of happiness.

That evening she knocked at Rosa's door, fearing lest she had not seemed cordial enough.

"Rosa, my darling," she said, "I am so glad for you."

Rosa's arms were round her directly.

"Dear little mother, dear, dear little mother. I wish I could give you half my happiness."

Christina looked fondly at the girl's radiant face, the round flushed cheeks, the shining eyes. Life had never given her this joy. She did not grudge it. She would have bought it with any self-sacrifice for her daughter, had it been purchasable.

"But, mother, I don't want to leave you. Canada is so horribly far away."

Christina answered as she had always done when some pleasure that must leave her alone was proposed.

"I shall be all right, darling; I'll take care of myself very well. Canada is terribly far, but then Jack has a career, and he's such a dear fellow, we must think of him first."

She went away to her bedroom. Some instinct drew her to the glass, and she stood looking at the wrinkled elderly face that she saw reflected.

"I wonder if I have ever really lived except in my children," ran her thoughts, but she hushed them quickly

and knelt down to say her prayers. Christina had scant regard for Catholic custom, as such, but instinct, which is, for the most part, the foundation

of Catholic custom, made her pray passionately for her dead husband.

"Oh! God, tell him I love him and want him," she whispered.

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND AND ITALY.*

This League has been founded to help forward a real friendship between England and Italy, a real understanding in each country of the other. The effort is periodically needed, even in peace. For the distraction and hurry of our modern life, the absorption of each great nation in itself, its own needs and future, is greater perhaps than it ever was; mostly because of modern methods of communication, whether by travel or the Press, which make men react upon each other so much more rapidly and intensely than in the old days of physical and geographical separation. We have less than ever the "heart at leisure from itself" to sympathize with those beyond our ken, whose national hopes and necessities are not ours. And as for travel, the ordinary English tourist, who spends a week or a fortnight in Italy on a Cook's ticket, knows much less of France or Italy than our great-grandfathers did, who traveled by coach and *vetturino*, and settled down for months in foreign parts. That is a commonplace, but an important one. It is true that it was only the rich and leisured class that traveled in Gibbon's or Byron's days; and it is also true that if a man has only spent one day in Rome—and with an understanding mind, has only driven in a *legno* from the station to the Janiculum, has only looked at the Forum, and spent an hour in St. Peter's, he has forever

afterwards something in his mind and memory that the man who has never trodden Italian soil must forever miss. But, all the same, our modern system of travel produces a travel world of its own, which interposes itself too often between the traveler and a foreign country. The hotel, the museums, the historical scenes and buildings—these he sees—they seem to exist merely for his amusement and entertainment. Italy especially is our great picture-gallery, and bric-à-brac shop, for the three-weeks' visitor. The real Italy, that works, thinks, recollects, aspires, and suffers, escapes us altogether. The modern Italian is often inclined to denounce the traveler from other countries who wants to interfere with the development of modern Rome, or who resents some sanitary or commercial project which may hustle the splendid ghosts, or interfere with the romance of some part which Europe is inclined to regard as its own property as much as Italy's. "We are *not* here for your amusement," says the modern Italian—"we are a living, a growing and great nation, and whatever you may say of our mixture of races and our variegated history, we are one now again, as we were in the days of Cæsar and Trajan; and in spite of our great hotel industry and all that hangs upon it, we are *not* here for your entertainment or education; and so long as you know nothing about our intricate modern life you know noth-

*An address delivered at the First Annual Meeting of the British-Italian League on July 9th, 1917.

ing of Italy. As for you, we could shake you off in a moment, and feel only a money loss, *Italia fara da se!* We are the trustees of the past, but, like you, we *live* in the present.

So I have often heard Italians express themselves before the war. And now comes Great Britain's opportunity. All the ordinary system of travel and sightseeing is swept away. The artistic treasures of Italy—half of them—are under sandbags, or in cellars; the hotels are empty, the tourists are gone. But Italy—the true Italy—should be now more interesting, more near to us than she has ever been. The act which brought her into the war, at a moment when, after the Russian debacle in Galicia, the fortunes of the Allies were at a particularly critical point, ought never to be forgotten by them. And since then the splendid fighting under incredible conditions which has enabled Italy to rectify the disadvantages imposed upon her by the ill-will of Austria at the peace of Villa-Franca, and to recover her natural mountain frontier; the gallant repulse last year of the Austrian thrust from the Trentino, which threatened the Venetian plain and some of her noblest cities; the capture of Gorizia; the undaunted bravery and the scientific resource shown in all the difficult advance along the Carso—these things have steadily deepened the enthusiasm and the sympathies of England. We heartily associate ourselves with Italy's determination to do away with that wedge which the Trentino in Austrian hands drives into her heart; and to recover those populations of her own blood which have suffered under Austrian rule. We know very well that Italy has her difficulties and her weaknesses, as we have. We believe that she will surmount them all. And meanwhile, under the fusing stress of war, let us make it our busi-

ness both to learn to know Italy better and to throw open our own British life to Italy—the modern, living, struggling, and suffering Italy, no longer our mere playfellow, but our comrade in this battle of giants, on the issue of which peace, freedom, and civilization may depend for generations, from which, as we trust, a new world will rise.

You have heard from previous speakers, far better qualified than I, what this comradeship should practically mean, both in the present days of war and in the future days of peace. The interpenetration of two nations is a thing not achieved in a moment. Even under the stress of war—its fiery needs, its deepened sympathies—it will take much planning, much effort, and the work of some of the best brains in both nations. But those of us who love Italy—and how many there are—even if we cannot do anything else, we can help by sympathy, by the spread of information, by a constant recollection of the debt that each of us that has ever traveled in Italy owes to that enchantress of the nations. I myself have spent spring after spring in Italy, on Lake Como, when all the banks of the lake are a miracle of fruit blossom, in Venice, in the neighborhood of Florence, and in a lonely villa on the hills above Lucca, where to the north the great jagged peaks of the Carrara mountains peered over the woods, and to the south stretched a blue, sea-bounded plain, in the midst of which, far away, rose the great Pisan group—the Duomo, the Baptistery, the leaning Tower. And everywhere I have felt the same drawing to the Italian people—*contadini*, boatmen, *gondolieri*, domestic servants—no less than to the many Italian friends of the educated class it has been my joy to possess. I believe there is a thinner barrier be-

tween us and the Italian life and mind than between us and any other European people. I am certain that the English woman, when she tries, understands the Italian family much more readily than in the case of the French woman and the French family. And women ought to play a great part in this League of yours—in knitting and strengthening the web between the two countries of the ordinary human, social, and artistic sympathies.

One last word as to an experience of mine in 1899. In the spring of that year we were staying in the Villa Barberini, on the Alban Hills, fifteen miles from Rome. The garden, a lovely wilderness of camelias and iris blooming on the ruins of the old villa of Domitian which lay everywhere under our feet, possessed a seat from which, in a notch between two stone-pines, one saw Rome lying in the plain with the Dome of St. Peter's brooding over it. It was a favorite seat of mine, and I never lost the thrill of what that city in the plain had meant to my country and to me. Thence to Ultima Thule, to the Britons separated from Rome, as Virgil said, by the whole world, had gone out religion, laws, and government. We are what we are because Rome existed, and because a Roman bishop sent out missionaries in the sixth century to a British king.

That was one of the dominating thoughts of that spring on the Alban Hills. But Italy, at that moment, was going through a painful and troubled time. It was but three years after Adowa, the disastrous Abyssinian expedition. And there were many British visitors to Rome that year who chattered a contemptuous

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pessimism about the new Italy and the new State. But it never affected my own mind. Thirty years barely had then elapsed since the capture of Rome and the unification of the Italian State, and it seemed to me, as I looked at the facts and listened to the talk of Italian friends, that what Italy had done in those thirty years—or, say, in forty years, since the death of Cavour—was nothing short of marvelous. And I put that feeling, eighteen years ago, into the mouth of an Italian character in a novel—an Italian woman, addressing an American girl—"I tell you, Signorina, that what Italy has done in forty years is colossal, not to be believed! This war can no more ruin her than a winter storm can ruin the seed in the ground. You have taken a hundred years—you!—to make a nation, and you have had a big civil war. Forty years—not quite!—since Cavour died. And all that time Italy has been like the cauldron into which they threw the limbs of that old man who was to become young. There has been a bubbling and a fermenting! And the scum has come up and up—and the brewing goes on. But in the end—in the end—the young, strong nation will step forth!"

From that day to this the young nation has gone on striving, prospering, growing. And now, as she threw off the Austrian tyranny from without in the 'fifties and 'sixties of the last century, we see her shaking off the German tyranny from within of the twentieth century. And only those of us who have lived long enough in Italy to realize some of the conditions of her economic and industrial life can know what the difficulty of this has been.

Mary A. Ward.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPER OWES TO THE MAGAZINE.*

The first half of the present year brought with it two notable anniversaries in periodical literature—in January the 139th anniversary of the *Wesleyan Magazine*, in April the 100th birthday of *Blackwood's*. In the May of 1841 two young men, destined to leave a deeper mark than any others of their time upon the periodical press, shared a lodging close to St. James's Square. Of about the same age, they resembled each other not a little in tastes, temperament, and intellectual shrewdness. They had, too, the same almost instinctive insight into the preferences, antipathies of the popular mind. The pair, if they breakfasted together, seldom saw each other again till night, and often not till the following day. On one of these reunions the elder of the two, as he was, by just a year, burst out with—"By Jove, John, I am the editor of the *Times*!" "I was so overcome with delight," the other used to say, when recalling the incident many years afterwards, "that I danced a saraband on the spot." The congenial and unclouded intimacy continued without a break during the best part of half a century till 1879, when in the late autumn of that year they died within a week of one another. During their London life beneath the same roof, there was some similarity between the occupations of the two.

The son of John Walter, Printing House Square manager, while "eating his dinners" at the Temple regularly listened in the gallery to parliamentary debates, sometimes "took them down," instituted with his own pen the *précies* of debates which soon became one of the great newspaper's features, and was sometimes made free of its leader

columns. The son of the Scotch publisher, in due course the parent of magazine literature, having served a technical apprenticeship in the house of Whitaker, had been commissioned by the Blackwoods of the next generation, his brothers, to establish a London branch of the firm that gave its name to the monthly that in this April of the twentieth century became a hundred years old.

It is worth while to give a passing glance at the state of periodical letters—excluding newspapers—at the time that or shortly before "*Maga*," or as it was also called, "*Old Ebony*," became a feature in the reading life of the Scotch Athens.

The suspension of the Stuart monarchy in 1649 brought with it a literary and intellectual, as well as a moral and political revolution. Fiction of every kind, from the voluminous romance to the short story after Boccaccio's manner, was discouraged not less severely than every presentation or caricature of life and manners was proscribed on the stage. Books, and those chiefly of a theological hue, issued in sufficient numbers from the press; nearly all the aggregates of unbound sheets were either pamphlets or sermons. At last in 1731 came the first specimen of a magazine free from the moral and social objections which had often proved fatal to many of its predecessors. This was Edward Cave's *Gentleman*. After that no periodical novelty found its way into the market till the Addison and Steele collaboration, having opened a new era, inspired Samuel Johnson with the idea for the *Rambler* and the *Tatler*. But the only approach to anything in the nature of modern magazines in Johnson's time was something in which

*Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, Mrs. Gerald Porter's *William Blackwood and His Sons*.

he had no part, and which has survived to the present day.

The *Annual Register* first appeared in 1758. In general character and detail of contents it originated exclusively with Edmund Burke. The typographical proportions of news and comment, as well as the space allotted to politics, art, literature, and science were all arranged by him. Long after he had ceased to have anything to do with it, his arrangements in these respects were carried out by his successors. This very hardy annual, therefore, after some 160 years from its inception bears today the impress of that imperial intellect which made Johnson say, "You could not stand for two minutes in an April shower under the same shelter as Burke and talk about the weather without finding what an extraordinary man he was." For many years Burke not only edited the work he had planned, but wrote the greater part of it too. To Burke belonged the distinction of being the first to call the newspaper press the fourth estate; while his also was the pen that, as regards conception not less than execution, provided several among the more ephemeral prints of his day with a model which, half history, half magazine as it was, they did their best to imitate.

The precedent set by Burke in 1758 showed its full results just fifty-seven years later in Scotland, and forms, because of the historic personages associating with it, an extremely interesting episode in the chronicle of periodical letters beyond the Tweed.

The *Edinburgh Annual Register* was designed and started by Sir Walter Scott chiefly with the object of finding remunerative employment for his old amanuensis, factor, friend, and counselor, William Laidlaw. Some permanent literary interest was given it by Sir Walter's occasional contribu-

tions, including the anecdotes about Scott's gypsies afterwards placed in the introduction to *Guy Mannering*. The chronicle of the register at first came from Scott himself, who also suggested the subjects for two or three good original articles and the abridgment of one or two curious books of travel. These instructions show a keener eye to general popularity than Burke ever opened on his undertaking. "Could I," writes the Wizard of the North, "get the head of the concern fairly round before the wind, I am sure I could make it £100 a year to you. In the present instance it would be at least £50."

"Willie Laidlaw" also forms the personal link connecting the *Edinburgh Annual* with the *Edinburgh Magazine*.

John Blackwood's father, William the first "of that ilk," was not only the creator of the firm but the founder of the magazine as well as—like his son and his nineteenth-twentieth century descendants bearing his Christian name—its sole editor. He had begun business life in 1804 as a bookseller, dealing chiefly in old and rare volumes. Neither the club nor even the tavern life of "Auld Reekie" had then organized itself on its later lines. William Blackwood's shop gradually became a literary house of call for the varied talents collected in the shadow of Arthur's Seat. The frequent meetings of the more or less distinguished habitués of the place, held in the bookseller's parlor, bore their fruit soon after the close of the Napoleonic wars in the suggestion that the success of the two great trimestrials, the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, boded well for a periodical which, appearing at shorter intervals, should combine the attractions of both, and should embody what one of its writers called the great innovating principle of pretty equal oscillation between human life

on the one hand and literature on the other.*

The April of 1817 brought with it the first number of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*. The title was soon changed, so as to identify it more closely with the sagacious and energetic Scot who had not only projected it and bore all responsibility connected with it, but up to the seventh number suggested, commissioned, himself alone revised and modified everything it contained. His office staff, chosen with great care and after some probation for technical work, like proof-reading, quotation verifying, and other routine functions, included one Thomas Pringle, whose name and place in the Blackwood comity are only worth mentioning because they accidentally associated Sir Walter Scott for the first time with the periodical. Pringle had been given some sub-editorial work on the magazine; in that capacity he affected a Toryism in comparison with which that of his chief and superiors seemed moderate and mild. Scott's recommendation had secured his *protégé* "Willie Laidlaw" some small employment with Blackwood; Laidlaw, however, had the courage and unwisdom to blurt out his Whig prejudices and to tell Pringle, with whom he had principally had to do, that he hoped the periodical as it grew older would show better manners towards its political opponents. Sir Walter himself recognized that there might be room for improvement in this respect. The Tories, he said, would have little reason to thank the magazine for its championship if it continued to write about those who dared to discover defects in the Liverpool administration with the truculence which Pringle had tried to emulate in his treatment of Laidlaw. Laidlaw's illustrious patron soon forgot any passing dif-

ference with "Maga's" early hotheads; and if he never himself adorned its pages he became one of its warmest friends. On literary subjects Scott, like other great men on both sides, was indifferent as to the party color of the periodical in which he wrote. "For love of the (editor) Jeffrey," he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* an article "Pour et Contre," based on a volume of gossip about the part played and the work done by women of various degrees. This finished, he seems free to take up something for "Maga." But before putting his own piece in hand, he recommends the November number of *Blackwood*, 1818, to the Duke of Buccleuch; it contains an article on General Gourgaud's *Memoirs*, written by a certain Vieux Routier of his grace's acquaintance.* The Duke is going to repair his health in Italy, and Sir Walter seems to hint that the remedial process will be assisted by the inclusion of *Blackwood* in his bag and baggage.

Thus on completing the first twelve months of its existence the magazine was conducted by the head of the firm whose name it bore on the same principles that have marked its management ever since. William Blackwood, though he took no partner of his prerogative, secured what De Quincey calls an intellectual atlas in one who had been from youth mentally not less than physically one of the most remarkable figures beheld at Glasgow and Oxford. This was John Wilson, then better known by his pen name, "Christopher North." He was an early nineteenth-century mixture of a Bayard and a Crichton. The son of a rich Paisley manufacturer, he had after a boyish training at Glasgow

*Gourgaud had been the fallen emperor's aide-de-camp. The writer of the *Blackwood* article was a French official of the highest position, equally well-known in Paris and London society, as well as justly passing for the most ruse man of his time on everything to do with the political coulis-
sues of the Continent.

*De Quincey v. 292, Masson's edition.

become a gentleman commoner at Magdalen. Here he scored a series of unbroken triumphs in the schools, on the river, and on the cricket ground, with the same air of easy mastery as that, with which after a bout of fisticuffs from the towing-path at Henley, he tossed a huge bargee into the Thames for having dared to avow certain democratic sympathies. Eventually the £50,000 left this son of Anak by his father suffered so much from the ill-management of his guardians that the aristocratic giant had to look about for a living. His mother resided in Queen's Street, Edinburgh, when he left the university. Beneath her roof he made famous and serviceable friends, whose influence secured him first a Scotch professorship, afterwards the prospect of fair practice at the Scotch Bar.

Meanwhile he had witnessed the birth of the periodical for which also he was himself to devise the sobriquet "Old Ebony." His ideas were too aggressively feudal even for Sir Walter Scott. They delighted and exactly suited Blackwood. Even in its infancy he became the literary life and soul of the magazine, often coloring by the magnetism of his personality the temper and conviction of its writers upon all subjects connected with Church and State, poetry, art, philosophy, and faith. William Blackwood the first died in 1834. Every department of the business passed to his sons, Alexander Robert and John. In publishing, as in other matters, knowledge and ability are the secret of power. Thus by the middle of the nineteenth century the representative authority of the house had concentrated itself in the friend with whom we have already seen the editor of the *Times* elect sharing his St. James's lodging. At that time John Blackwood's London errand was not only to organize the London branch of the

family stock, but to reconnoitre the metropolitan talent available for the magazine. He reached London without any exceptional literary acquaintances; he left it knowing all the chief literary figures of the day as well as the social and miscellaneous lions, including Benjamin Disraeli and the future Napoleon III, whom he had met in Lady Blessington's drawing-room. Both of these volunteered contributions.

One intimacy whose beginnings he then formed remained unbroken and undiminished to the end of his life. This was with Anthony Trollope, to whom some prominence may now be given because it was largely through Blackwood that Trollope became acquainted with Charles Lever. After the late General Sir Henry Brackenbury's death Mr. Edward Dicey was probably the one survivor of Trollope's guests at Waltham Abbey. The visitors here, notwithstanding what may have been said or written to the contrary, never included the Irish novelist. Blackwood, however, had not missed those productions of his which first made their mark in the *Dublin University Magazine*. In due course the author of *Harry Lorrequer* and *Charles O'Malley* received his promotion to "Maga." As one of "Blackwood's men," he struck up the friendship with John Blackwood's lifelong intimate, the creator of Mrs. Proudie and Mr. Slope.

Enough has been already said to show that John Blackwood's father had introduced the star system into his periodicals so far back as Sir Walter Scott's day, with the Napoleonic article based on Gourgaud's *Memoirs*. The paternal tradition was enlarged and modernized by the son, who explained to Trollope himself his editorial methods, to the following effect: "As a rule I do not engage the regular literary man. He is apt to be

manière. I find out a man who has made a hobby of a special subject, and who can handle it with full knowledge and above all with freshness. For example I hear of (say) a rural dean who has gone in for bee-culture; I write to him to give us an article there anent. He replies he has never written an article in his life. I tell him that he has only to send his facts and we can put them together in the office. And so I get an illuminating and above all a fresh bit of work which is quoted as authoritative by all the bee fanciers of the English-speaking world. Or again, I come across a cavalry officer who has been shooting big game in the Carpathians. I ask him for an article on his experiences. He replies he has never put pen to paper. Never mind, I say, send your facts and we can put it together in the office. Again, I get a fresh racy contribution first-hand which makes the magazine an authority on a new class of subjects, and so in numberless other instances. We thus avoid the hackneyed, the conventional, and secure original, interesting matter. I always have one or more first-rate novels going on, for choice from new writers. In this way, to go back to early times, I got from a Renfrew merchant, Michael Scott, who had spent his life in the West Indies, first *Tom Cringle's Log*, afterwards *The Cruise of the Midge*. Both of these were immediately and widely successful. Only when they came out in book form after his death, did the public know the author's name."

The mistakes charged against John Blackwood's editorship were committed deliberately, and for a definite reason. Thus he excluded Thackeray, and would have nothing to do with Robert Louis Stevenson. The writing, he admitted, of each might be up to the mark. Both, however were out of political sympathy with the magazine, which was, is and ever will be, "High

Tory." John Blackwood and John T. Delane were, it has been seen, products not only of the same period but almost of the same twelve months.

The younger of the two, the magazine editor, was able at the outset, from his father's experience as well as his own, to give the great newspaper man some hints worth having because they contained the secret of his own editorial success. From Blackwood Delane learned and taught the race of editors generally the value of reflecting, elsewhere than in the leader columns, the best and most representative opinion of the time on the topics of the day. The selection of "letters to the editor," the headed articles, and very many of the more important paragraphs showed throughout Delane's time, and that of at least his immediate successor, the identity of the methods commending themselves to the North-British publishing House and to Printing House Square. A novelty in the *Times* one day became the accepted usage of the entire daily press soon afterwards. Not seldom during the nineteenth century's first half the primitive leaders in the *Times* echoed in their attacks upon Melbourne, the Whigs generally, and Macaulay in particular, the note first sounded by the Tory Magazinites. The influences which created the measured leading article of our own time were yet not more than partially operative; and the true genesis of the leader was in periodicals appearing in longer than monthly intervals. Fifteen years before Blackwood's day the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802 and the *Quarterly* four years afterwards had been the first to provide the daily journalists of the better sort with models, as regards construction and tone, in discussing the topics of the day. Between 1825 and 1845 came Macaulay's well-knitted picturesque and widely inspiring effects in the old "Blue and Yellow."

Then and not till then did the leading article, as it was formerly known, develop into the dominating feature of the nineteenth-century press. The penny paper—leaders and headed articles alike—bore a not less visible stamp of magazine paternity. No great genius of the pen was ever a more consummate master of the technicalities of his art, or imparted them more successfully to his writers.

Then Charles Dickens. The offices of *Household Words* and of *All the London Quarterly Review*.

Year Round became journalistic schools, turning out the best miscellaneous newspaper hands during some three-quarters of Queen Victoria's reign. Meanwhile, especially in his round-about *Cornhill* papers and sometimes topical essays, Thackeray was training pupils for another branch. The late Maurice Drummond created the occasional note in the *P.M.G.*, but the pattern for its early miscellaneous articles was set by the man who had devised the title, but did not live to see the journal's birth.

T. H. S. Escott.

"MOHAMMED'S COFFIN."

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER II.

Selma Durell and Ruth Davenport formed a pleasant contrast, as well in antecedents as in looks. Ruth had the freshness and demure prettiness of the daisy, and, being the eldest child of a large family of modest means, had learned how to practise self-denial winningly. Anselma, to give her name in full, was rather striking in appearance, and had been brought up as the only child of parents who could afford to indulge her. Indeed, Mrs. Fairfield shrewdly suspected that, when one got to know her better, she would turn out to have been spoiled. But this did not happen. Except when ruffled, Selma was by nature amiable, and, except in being rather easily hurt, gave no indication of the slightly enervating influences attending her upbringing. Of the two, little Ruth had distinctly the more courage, and was more ready to take the initiative in difficulties. Selma quickly developed the habit of appealing to her, and indeed of leaning on her. With Edwin to amuse and to escort them, the two girls asked nothing better than to take life as it came. Edwin, for his part,

fell in with their view, as he was perhaps too much inclined to do with all and sundry of his associates. So far, however, there was no fault to be found with this attitude of his.

"He is looking about him," said his father to Mrs. Fairfield, quite prepared to take the defensive. And to "look about" is excellent, provided that the process be not too prolonged.

Meantime the Squire and his wife were interested spectators, each being fully prepared, should occasion offer, to take the other to task for infringement of their compact of non-intervention.

"Give them time to get acquainted," Mrs. Fairfield would remonstrate when her impatient lord and master prematurely demanded developments. "Our Edwin is not one to fall in love at first sight—he has too much sense for that. He is constitutionally deliberate."

"He takes it from you, then," retorted her spouse. But, so far, he himself had detected no sign of a preference on his son's part, and he was beginning to wonder inwardly what the young fellow was made of.

For John Fairfield was not deliberate, whether by constitution or by training.

Partly from inclination, partly from expediency, the Fairfields had fallen into the way of living very quietly. They did not "run to" house parties, and the consequence was that the three young people were left a good deal to themselves and their own devices.

Without appearing to do so, the Squiress kept a watch on them as they went about together, visiting some of Edwin's favorite haunts, which he had not seen for so long. A misgiving had arisen in her breast, and she made this forecast of the future: "I know exactly how it will be! A delightful time for all three, to start with; and then jealousies and heart-burnings. And it is all your fault!" (Needless to state whom she was addressing) "Oh, Squire, Squire! to think that a man should live to your age and never realize the force of the proverb that 'two's company—' I foresee that one of these two girls is doomed to disappointment, and I feel for her."

The Squire was content to reply, with quiet provocation, "I do not fancy it will be Selma."

In a moment Mrs. Fairfield's curiosity was rampant. "Tell me, John," she half-entreated, half-commanded—"tell me at once—have you observed anything?"

Putting aside a temptation to tease, he reassured her. "Nothing whatever! I was merely speaking upon grounds of general probability."

"You are sure of that? Well, I trust you. But I do not share your view."

"Well, well! Time will show. Are you not a little premature, wife, in taking the situation so seriously? What is likelier than that nothing at all may come of it?"

But the Squiress had her own views on the subject. She reflected that, whoever was to be the sufferer in the love-drama which she saw ahead of her,

at the worst it could scarcely be her son. What fond mother can imagine a son of hers rejected by any girl?

And Edwin had returned from abroad more debonair even than before. It could not be said, perhaps, that he shone in conversation. But what he did say was always pleasant to listen to, though in substance rather matter-of-fact.

When he had been about a week at the Demesne, a little crisis came about. It was just this. The Fairfields and their guests had been invited to a garden party at the County Member's—a somewhat dull and formal affair, it was expected to be; for the Member was a noted temperance reformer, who loved to interpose spacious addresses on his favorite theme between tea and tennis, and to force his friends to listen to them. In a dull country neighborhood, such events are talked over in advance; and it had been laid down by Mrs. Fairfield, who in all these matters was a mirror of correctness, that though the party promised no great pleasure, it was their duty to attend it.

When the day arrived, however, Miss Durell pleaded headache, and begged to be allowed to spend the afternoon in a hammock in the garden.

It required all Mrs. Fairfield's self-control to keep her face from lighting up. "Most certainly, my dear!" she replied; "you will have a quiet afternoon and tea by yourself, and you will be quite well, I hope, by the time we return. It is this thundery weather, I suspect." The good lady could not restrain a slight glance of triumph in the direction of her lord. But it was premature.

You have noticed, reader, how the process of disintegration in a party is apt to spread? No sooner had Selma cried off than Edwin tried to do the same. The Squire returned his wife's glance, with much more than

its original import. This put Mrs. Fairfield on her mettle, and, little doubting of success, she began to use her influence with her son to persuade him to go with her.

To her surprise, Edwin remained obdurate, replying to her arguments. "Really, mum, I'd much rather stay at home. After being so long away, I shall feel out of it. And what's the good of remaking acquaintance with the neighbors only to break it off again? Those who really care to see me will know where to find me."

His mother had returned to the charge; but Mr. Fairfield intervened. "I suppose the boy may do as he likes, Joan? You women can never be content to let people enjoy themselves in their own way! Come, we mustn't keep the horses standing." So there was nothing for it but for the reduced party to drive off and make the best of things.

Whoever may have enjoyed or profited by the County Member's hospitality that afternoon, Mrs. Fairfield was not among them. Though the sun shone, the band played, and her friends greeted her, she was a prey to the distressing sense that her well-laid schemes were going agley. The Squire had scored off her—secured the first point in the game they were playing together. Almost she could have found it in her heart to be cross with her favorite Ruth. Why had not the little goose made the most of her opportunities, to improve the impression she had made on Edwin years before? Could it be that that impression had not proved indelible? Youth's memory is short, alas! and youth is apt to be fickle. But for the Squire to exult over her—as, of course, he would—that was insult added to injury!

Yet all this time the good lady was distressing herself quite needlessly. Edwin met the carriage at the door

on its return. "I hope you had a pleasant afternoon, mum?" said he, with polite conventionality.

"Nothing at all out of the way, I can assure you—the temperance speaker was interminable. I hope you fared better, Edwin?" As she spoke she looked at him keenly.

His clear eyes did not avoid her glance. "I spent most of the afternoon in the boat, mother."

"Ha! does Miss Durell like boating?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid I didn't ask her."

Then he had been alone! Mrs. Fairfield's countenance fell, as do the countenances of those who have harbored unjust suspicions. Nor throughout dinner did she once detect the faintest sign of an understanding between the two young people. Was it, then, possible that their remaining at home had been a mere coincidence—not prearranged at all? She felt relieved, though still puzzled. And even the Squire's jubilation (visible to her, if to none else) sustained a check when Edwin spent the evening leaning over the piano, at which Ruth was warbling ballads.

"Honors easy, I fancy," remarked Mr. Fairfield, significantly, to his wife as they were preparing to retire.

She thought the same. But she said nothing in reply, for it jarred her to hear a subject so closely connected with her Edwin's happiness spoken of in that light tone.

Selma Durell was not an early riser. She generally came down admirably arrayed, but very late for breakfast. Edwin, too, developed the habit of matutinal lateness. They had to get up very early at the *estancia*, and he seemed bent upon profiting by his holiday to indulge morning dreams. His fond mother was far from disapproving of this. But it was a little provoking that well-disciplined Ruth

Davenport was always down to the minute, to pour out the Squire's coffee. This gave her day the start of Edwin's, and threw their respective time-tables out of harmony. For by the time when Edwin was ready to smoke his first pipe in the sunny veranda, Ruth was already immersed in her practising. So it fell naturally to Selma to bear him company. To the Squire's annoyance, this happened upon five successive days. But on the sixth day, happening to look into the drawing-room, which at that hour was given up to Ruth, she saw Edwin bending over the piano. Selma had the veranda to herself. Mrs. Fairfield's spirits rose. If only Edwin had not been musical! But he was; he sang a little. So the good lady could not quite make up her mind whether it was the music or the girl that had won him from his tobacco.

During the next few days, whilst ostensibly going about her household duties, Joan Fairfield, took frequent occasion to pass by the drawing-room. On the second or third morning, it was Edwin, not Ruth, who was singing—actually Edwin, who was always so difficult to persuade. At the end of a verse he broke off, and she fancied she could hear Ruth commending his performance, whilst gently suggesting one or two improvements. "Come now, that is better!" exclaimed the fond mother. But she must not play the eavesdropper. At the end of the passage she ran into the Squire.

"Do you know where Ned is?" he asked.

"Yes, Squire, I do; he is in the drawing-room with Ruth, playing and singing." Then she added, "Do not disturb them just now—he would not like it"; and in a meaning undervoice, "I think she is teaching him a new song."

The Squire looked positively blank.

"And where is Selma?" he inquired presently.

"How should I know?"

Yet the pendulum was to swing once more. Happening, next morning, to pass the dining-room a full hour after his own breakfast, Mr. Fairfield's ear caught the clatter of porcelain and silver, and he looked in. Selma, attired in a ravishing summer gown, was seated at the table, delicately detaching the stalks from a plateful of ripe strawberries, whilst Edwin watched her with a serious interest befitting the occasion.

"*Bon appétit!*" cried the little man at the door, with an atrocious accent.

Selma looked up from her task. It was one of her charms that she never made an abrupt movement, nor ever did anything in a hurry. "I hope your remark is addressed to Edwin and not to me, Squire," she answered graciously; "I am about to initiate him into the delights of strawberries and cream made with cayenne pepper."

Mr. Fairfield would have liked to linger and have some too; but an even stronger attraction drew him in another direction. Making an excuse to visit his wife's boudoir, he remarked, as if quite casually, "The boy and girl seem to be hitting it off nicely."

"Which girl do you mean—Ruth?"

"Selma! I have just found her compounding a strawberry-mash for Edwin, after a recipe of her own." And, unable to contain himself longer, John Fairfield burst out into a "Ho, ho, ho!" laughing his tiresome, and as his wife at that moment thought, almost offensive laugh; for her warmest feelings were deeply engaged.

Possibly she was unduly impatient, for a new anxiety had begun to take possession of her. It was lest the brief time at her son's disposal should slip by without his reaching a decision. And that would be almost worse than his pairing off with the wrong girl.

That he should have appealed to her to find him a wife, and that she should have failed to do so, would be, she felt, such a reflection upon her character as a mother! Yet, all the while, it never occurred to her that she and her husband were doing their best to make the thing they both desired impossible. For, in the first place, it was bad enough that the young man should be confronted by contrasting types of charm and beauty, each of whom was hourly neutralizing the impression made by the other. But that was by no means all; for, by insensible degrees, the Squire and his wife had alike departed from the early rigor of their compact of non-intervention. So that Edwin's native indecision was being hourly rendered more undecided, and his confusion worse confounded, by little acts of interference on the part of one of his parents.

For example, not without a certain sense of poaching, Mrs. Fairfield had one afternoon carried off her son to her boudoir, in order to have him to herself for a while; for, alas! the times were past, as she felt, when she could regard him as her very own to do what she liked with. "My dear boy," said she, fervently, the very moment he was seated—"my dear boy, I should so like to see you settled."

He understood instantly. There was no failure on his part to grasp—no pretense of not grasping—the precise sense in which she had used that somewhat elastic word. This, by the way, would not always have been so, and, of itself, it showed in which direction his thoughts were running. He sighed, ever so slightly. "Well, mother," he replied, "we are at one there; I wish I were—settled."

Like a greyhound pursuing a hare, sprang Mrs. Fairfield in pursuit of her opportunity. "But, my dear boy," she exclaimed, with emphasis, "you might so easily be 'settled.' It rests with yourself."

But now it seemed as though all Edwin's momentary acumen fell away. "How so?" he asked, heavily, almost blankly.

"How so? Why, surely you know that?" and all the difference of their respective sexes gleamed in her countenance as she spoke. Even Edwin, slow in the uptake as he was, could not fail to catch her meaning.

At that precise moment, a few notes of song, almost bird-like in their clearness, became audible, and the neat figure of Ruth passed before the window on its way along the veranda. She carried a basket in one hand and pair of secateurs in the other, and was bent on cutting grapes or flowers for the dinner-table, a light duty this with which her hostess had charged her. She did not so much as glance into the room as she passed by.

With the lightness of a girl of seventeen, Mrs. Fairfield sprang to her feet, her son following suit with less of *empressement*. "There—there is your chance!" exclaimed the enthusiastic matron, and, opening the French window, she pushed Edwin in the direction Ruth had taken.

He went, as through life he would be likely to go, where a loved feminine hand impelled. But his step, as his mother watched him, was hardly that of one who goes to pour forth a lover's tale. This was well; for Selma, in garden-gloves, was awaiting Ruth near the vinery door; and thus the intended *tête-à-tête* developed into a party à trois.

(To be continued.)

ON THE WINGS OF THE MORNING.

A sudden roar, a mighty rushing
sound,

A jolt or two, a smoothly sliding rise,
A tumbled blur of disappearing ground,
And then all sense of motion slowly
dies:

Quiet and calm, the earth slips past
below,
As underneath a bridge still waters
flow.

My turning wing inclines towards the
ground;

The ground itself glides up with
graceful swing,
And at the planes' far tip twirls slowly
round,

Then drops from sight again beneath
the wing,
To slip away serenely as before,
A cubist patterned carpet on the floor.

Hills gently sink and valleys gently
fill;

The flattened fields grow ludicrously
small;
Slowly they pass beneath, and slower
still,

Until they hardly seem to move
at all.
Now suddenly they disappear from
sight,
Hidden by fleeting, gathering wisps of
white.

The wing tips, faint and dripping,
dimly show,

Blurred by the wreaths of mist that
intervene;
Weird half-seen shadows flicker to and
fro

Across the pallid fog—bank's blinding
screen.
At last the choking mists release their
hold,—
Blue spreads my world, with silver
bathed and gold.

Clear is the air, more clear than spark-
ling wine,

Compared with this, wine is a turgid
brew:

The far horizon makes a clean-cut line
Between the silver and the depthless
blue.

Out of the snow-white level reared on
high

Glittering hills of vapor meet the
sky.

Outside the wind-screen's shelter, gales
may race,

But in the seat a cool and gentle
breeze

Blows steadily upon my grateful
face.

I sit here motionless and at my
ease,

Contented just to loiter in the sun
And gaze around me till the day is
done.

.
And so I sit, half sleeping, half
awake,

Dreaming a happy dream of golden
days,

Until at last with a reluctant shake
I rouse myself, and, with a lingering
gaze

At all the splendor of the vapory
plain,

Make ready to come back to earth
again.

The engine stops: a grateful silence
reigns,

Silence, not broken, but intensified
By the soft, sleepy wires' insistent
strains

That rise and fall, as with a sweeping
glide

I circle down the well-oiled sides of
space,

Towards that lower, less-enchanted
place.

The clouds draw nearer, changing as
they come;

Now like a flash fog grips me by the
throat,

Down goes the nose; at once the wires'
low hum

Begins to rise in volume and in note,
Till, as I hurtle from the choking cloud,
It swells into a scream—keen, shrill, and
loud.

The Cornhill Magazine.

The aerodrome springs into view be-
neath;

I drop to meet it, steering for the
edge,

Arriving in the drawing of a breath,
And, skimming low across the bor-
dering hedge,

I touch, and jump, and skim my way
ahead,

Spasmodic and ungainly, to the shed.

J. D.

A PARABLE OF THE WAR.

In commenting on what it conceived to be the parlous prospects of Germany after the taking of Vimy Ridge, an Italian newspaper put the following pleasant question to its readers:—If such triumphs can be achieved by British arms alone, what will be the German situation when the real military Powers of the Entente begin their spring campaigns? The question was ingenuous enough; but the distinction drawn between military and non-military Powers serves to remind us of the fact, the significance of which is considerable, that if the Entente wins this war the issue will have been determined by the intervention of two Powers whose expeditionary forces when it began did not between them equal the army of a single Balkan State. If militarism is defeated, it will be because pacifist peoples went to war and civilian communities were converted into crusaders; and the keynote of the fourth year of the war, on which we are now entering, will be the mobilization for the common cause of a commonwealth pre-eminent in its passion for peace and more remote than any other from the occasion and cause of the conflict. The Russian Revolution, stupendous though it is, pales as a portent in human affairs before the appearance of the United States as a

formidable military Power bent on the battle for peace in the heart of Europe.

It is the military effect of this conversion from peace to war that absorbs our attention at the moment, and if we think of its cost at all, we think of its cost in terms of men and of money. Later we may think of its cost in the sacrifice of ancient ideals and be troubled about the permanence or transience of our conversion. If the sacrifice of British *Kultur* is the secret of British empire, a similar sacrifice of the cherished Anglo-Saxon inheritance of individual liberty and preference of the force of argument to the argument of force is, so far as the two great English-speaking communities are concerned, the outstanding moral of the war. But British empire is, we hope, permanent; war is transitory. Will the effects of the conversion be transitory too? Or will the conquered Hun triumph in his defeat, and point to a pacifism beaten by the force of arms and the philosophy of war? Shall we emerge a conscript people, converted in spite of ourselves to the precept and practice of our foes, and regard peace itself as dependent on weapons of war and science as an agent for human destruction? Have we indeed sacrificed the things in which we believed

because they were bad, and adopted our enemies' methods and creeds because they are better? Is war the climax of politics, or is militarism the real as well as the philological antithesis of civilization? Whose creed is to triumph in and after the conflict, the Germans' or our own? Are we to be changed, or are they? Upon the answer to that question depend alike the value of our sacrifice and the future of the world.

The Prussian at least has no doubt, whatever may be the searchings of other German minds. "You see," he says in effect, "we were right after all, and in practice you admit it by manifold imitation. You have adopted conscription, gagged your Press, suspended your constitutional guarantees and your sacred rights of liberty. You have had to treat conscience, unless it agreed with your own, as an offense against the law, and to penalize with imprisonment and hard labor a literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount. Some of your public bodies have even been trying, so far as they could, to reduce to beggary and starvation the wives and children of their employees who thought that your "glorious revolution of 1688" had guaranteed them civil and religious liberty, forgetting, poor fools, that it guaranteed them against everything except the only thing they really had to fear—an Act of Parliament. In the name of that liberty you have forced your countrymen to do what they thought was sin and to kill their fellowmen in a cause they believed was wrong. Your latter-day State has wrought more persecution than ever did the Church of the Middle Ages. We also have done these things, but we have done them frankly. We proclaim that necessity knows no law, that reason of State is the supreme criterion; and Bernhardi has taught us that the Christian code

has no relevance to the conduct of nation towards nation. But you have reviled him as a blasphemer, and then, still reviling, have practised his precepts. Are you still shocked at the byword of British hypocrisy? Your horror of poison gas was as primitive as the Matabele horror of your machine-guns; but you soon overcame it, when you realized that poison paid, and you made yourselves adepts in its use. You are rapidly overcoming your pious objections to what you were pleased to call the murder of women and children; and you would bring yourselves up to the scratch of torpedoing hospital ships, if there were any German hospital ships for you to torpedo and you had no other means of preventing their use and abuse. Your moral indignation appears to have been mere petulant anger at being unprepared to do the things for which you hold us up to reprobation. War after all is science, and only your stupidity led you to deny that to pure science morality is an impertinence.

"You prate of your wisdom in judgment, but what is the use of judgment against reeking tube and iron shard? You may keep your judgment, and we will keep our powers of execution. Do not talk to us about the verdict of history; the history that posterity reads is written by those who conquer. Do you read Persian accounts of Marathon and Salamis? Did the scribes of Hannibal and Mithridates write the history of Rome you teach in your schools and colleges? and would you believe them if they had? *Victrix causa deis placuit*, and you yourselves believe that the will of God is expressed on the field of battle whenever you gain the victory. Enjoying the *pax Germanica*, the world will hold as cheap your querulous tales of Belgian atrocities and *Lusitania* crimes as you do the pages in which

Gildas laments the *Schrecklichkeit* of those Teutonic invaders from whom you inherit what vigor you possess, or the Irish tirades against the methods of blood and iron by which you reduced to law and order that distressful country; and it will trouble itself as little about 'scraps of paper' as you do about your broken Treaty of Limerick or the Sand River Convention. Even if we fail in this war, we shall have achieved the moral triumph of converting you to our philosophy and teaching you the methods of success. Your brutal majority of three to one against us and your superior weight of armament will merely demonstrate the truth of what we have said; and at least we shall be the heroes of this war, as much as Satan is of 'Paradise Lost,' though the paradise you have lost was a greater fools' paradise than Adam's."

So Satan might have boasted at the Incarnation that he had converted Heaven and dragged Divinity down to a human level; and orthodoxy has it that the Devil would have been right. There was no other way; he had so corrupted the world that only God could redeem it. There must be a descent from heaven before there could be an ascent from hell, a humiliation of the Divine for the sake of human salvation. The Prussian has so polluted the earth that the rest and the best of mankind had to descend into the mire to cleanse the defilement away. The descent, the humiliation, and the suffering are not good things in themselves, but only as sacrifice. It is the spirit that matters, and the purpose that sanctifies the squalor of the *via dolorosa*. We have not trodden the narrow way because it was narrow, but because it alone led to our goal; and we need not be ashamed of our present decision because we are sore let and hindered by sins of the past. We have not

gagged our Press because we disliked our freedom, nor penalized conscience because we believed in persecution and felt no shame in oppression, but because to this extent the Prussian has triumphed. There was no other way; we had to stoop to conquer, and to borrow his weapons in order to beat him. We did not invent them and we do not use them with any pleasure to ourselves; the Prussian may glory in his original sin.

It was not to make the world more Prussian that we, and still less the United States descended into the arena. They stepped down from their peaceful Olympus because it was clear that militarism could not be defeated by military peoples, and because the flood threatened to submerge even the Pisgahs of human progress. America has not cast its pacifism into the common cauldron of the war in order to make the whole world militarist, but to redeem it all from the sword; and humanity has become one in its efforts to exorcise the Devil. The temptation was severe to preserve the purity of the Pharisee, to protect the hems of pacifist robes from the contamination of blood, and to stand aloof like Sinn Fein—that apotheosis of national selfishness which remains indifferent to the martyrdom of other little nations in order to save itself in a world nicely balanced between ruin and redemption, and hopes to appeal to a future congress of peoples on the ground that it helped to impede the common cause which that congress will represent. America has not so loved itself that it had no bowels of compassion for the world. It has taken upon it the form of conscription, and made itself bond that others may be free; and in this plunge into humanity, this incarnation of the spirit, lies our hope of peace after war and our refutation of Prussian blasphemers.

For the means are not the end. Faith may suffer an eclipse in this crucifixion of mankind; the whole race may partake in the agony of redemption, and may repeat on a wider scale in the present the throes of past liberations. It is less a vicarious sacrifice than it was, and the commonwealth of man has to redeem itself in the footsteps of its leader. The example pointed the way, but alone it is not enough. The old Europe, the old world, the old peace had to die in order that a new Europe, a new world, and a new peace might arise from the hecatombs of war. The end was not in the darkness when the veil of the Temple was rent and men scoffed at the light which failed in the eyes of the flesh. There was Easter to follow; and an Easter will follow the blackness and desolation of this war, to the confusion of those

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who dragged men into its depths. Protestant and Catholic Churches may deplore a decline in the orthodoxy of the letter and the rite; but the world has never seen an age with a larger faith or a nobler portion of the spirit of self-sacrifice. It was no forlorn hope or counsel of despair that led Belgium to defend her right and the right of other peoples; it was not doubt and disbelief that drew millions of English volunteers or the great American Republic into the conflict. Their fight is an act of faith, and their faith will make whole the community of man. If our mind is intent for the moment on a recession mood, it is only a pause in our procession towards an end in which war and its Prussian abominations, its cruelties and its corruption, its hatreds and its deceits, will all be swallowed up in victory.

THE NEW MONEY TRAINING.

There is indisputably one thing which the war has done for the women of this country. It has given them a training in the use of money. Economists and philanthropists have alike lamented the ignorance of money values displayed by the English poorer class, and not the poorer class only. No man in the world knows better how to make a fortune than the Englishman, but most foreigners know better than he how to preserve a competence, and until lately his wife has seemed unable to help him. It has not been the Englishman's policy to tell his wife much about his affairs. When the men went to the war a vast number of their wives did not know what their wages were. They were surprised when they learned how much or how little their husbands had kept for themselves. The only thing which

did not surprise them was the fact that there were no savings. Often the housekeeping money had been doled out twice a week, and the women, though accustomed to poverty, were wholly unaccustomed to what is called management. Now for a long time the conduct of the family finance has been upon their shoulders, and great numbers have profited by their experience in a most creditable manner. Women are quick to learn where the maternal instinct sharpens their wits.

If we return to a better-off class, we still find the same training going on. Economy has become a preoccupation. Those who have made no substantial change in their way of life are ashamed to say so, and make a greater effort to regulate, understand, and govern their expenditure than they did when the subject of housekeeping could be

dismissed in favor of clothes. They must, they feel, be able to contribute something to the unending discussion going on around them. Servants are less easy to get than they were. Doubt has been cast even in the lower middle class upon the notion that niceties of social position either matter much or depend upon style of living. Again, almost all the younger women are making money. Girls whose fathers gave them a very little quarterly allowance, and allowed their mothers to help them out with it by a certain amount of credit at the shop where the family had a running account have now more money in their pockets than they ever had before. People say they are extravagant. No one plays a game well the first time that he takes the cards into his hand, but if you give him no cards he will never learn to play at all. They are learning very pleasantly the management of money. So are their young brothers, who leave commercial schools that they may earn between fifteen and seventeen a wage which would have satisfied—or dissatisfied—their grandfathers at twenty-one. In a way it is very bad for them; but the crisis offers even to them a valuable experience if they can accept it. Another section of the community, not so small as the optimists would have us think, are learning in the hard school of scarcity to waste nothing, and to lay out every penny to the best advantage. Everyone everywhere—out of the trenches—has had an opportunity of understanding what we may call retail finance better than he or she did before.

Primarily of course it is the women whose point of view will be affected by all this. But whenever women take strongly to a new idea it spreads like wildfire, because they pass it instantly to their children. Perhaps this is one reason why a far-seeing Providence made them considerably

less susceptible of new ideas than men. Two effects we may surely look for: a partial correction of our great national defect of improvidence, and a great desire on the part of those who have been newly trained to the use of money to have a little money to use. The well-off (to begin at the top) will, we feel sure, be no longer content to live with little margin. What is the good of paying a high rent, and having many servants, and wearing oneself out in grudging travel and the slightest independence in the matter of money to one's children? There will of course be a strong reaction against the hard living of war time, but we may surely hope that expenditure on show will have been immeasurably reduced. Obviously difficulties about the marriage question will suggest some system of dowry to sensible men, so that it will be more rare than it is now for all the money to be on one side. Where both husband and wife contribute to the upkeep, both will manage the funds. Again, it will be almost impossible for young women who have been independent to be once more reduced to dependence. They must continue their money training either by profitable work or by the outlay of an adequate allowance. Boys will refuse to be systematically "done for" by their parents, and their mothers will uphold them in their revolt. They will want to be made responsible for at least some part of what is at present expended upon them. Some bad effects are sure to spring from these changes. We doubt if they will make for generosity, for that carelessness about money which has tended in the past to counteract the materialist tendencies of an Englishman's nature. Oddly enough, we do not think it is the most generous or always the most affectionate fathers and husbands who will be the first to increase the money independence of

their wives and children. The generous man loves to give. It is a luxury to him, and, unless he is quite rich, he cannot both give and "allow." The joy of a gift both to giver and receiver is largely in surprise, and it is the loving father who takes the keenest pleasure in the lighting up of the children's faces. Also love—real, honest, hearty affection—and gentle indulgence are often found in conjunction with some good-humored tyranny. It is easy for the indifferent man, if he is not too selfish, to grant independence. In the poorer classes the struggle will of course be rather harder; but we must remember that one reason why the men kept the women in such stern tutelage where money was concerned did come from the fact that the women were so ignorant and stupid about it. When the best of them see the change that has been wrought by responsibility they will reconsider. Again, many a man will think twice what uses he makes of his wages if he realizes that he has at home a sensible critic, just as able as he is himself to judge of their best expenditure. We do not doubt that a greater habit of saving will ensue. The *Spectator* has always advocated greater facilities for the small investor in Government stock. Women have shown during the war as much national pride as men, and it cannot be denied that a keener and a better pleasure is involved in lending to one's country through more direct channels than the Post Office Savings

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Bank. Without a doubt the giving of greater money responsibility to women will mean more sparing. Women have had, especially in England, a long, long training as blind trustees. A few years of independence will not wipe that training out. If we were very poor, we would all rather beg of a man than of a woman. It has been women's duty to hesitate to open their hands. In France they count for much in the management of the nation's income, and there is far more frugality there than here.

If a great change comes, there will be many men and women to say that the old times were better. We shall lose a something that we were proud of; but we must be content to do so if at the same time we get rid of a great deal of which we were ashamed. If we can be more economical, we shall be less drunken, and, we may hope, reduce the squalor of the great cities. The war seems to have proved that, whatever we were a century ago, we are a light-hearted people. Our gaiety has amazed our Allies. Whether that lightness of heart, which means both courage and kindness, can accompany a completely organized way of life such as could alone destroy squalor, wastefulness, and drink is surely doubtful. We must have the defects of our qualities, but for Heaven's sake let us have as few defects as are necessary to the maintenance of the nation's moral genius. At present we shall certainly not endanger our virtues by getting rid of at least half of our folly.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

The object lessons of two sensational cases and the recent riots in London and Newcastle have once more brought the problems of "conscientious" objection into prominence. What is this

"conscience" that "does make cowards of them all," and whence derived? One thing is certain. By only sanctioning Conscription when the telling moment had passed, and by a clause

aimed far more at the unseen undercurrent than at the driftwood on its surface, the Government pitchforked a present of this same "conscience" to every shirker in the kingdom. In the first flush of the war, who would have dared to indulge in such a luxury except a few Quakers? It has now become almost a sort of habit—quite apart from the case of those rightly retained for business and manufacture. "Conscience," be it noted, is a very elastic term. Save in its sincerest forms it seldom contradicts inclination, and as a rule the objector is only scrupulous when duty is irksome. Should anyone conscientiously object to pay taxes or discharge obligations underlying the whole fabric of ordered freedom, a plea of conviction promptly brings down a conviction by the magistrate. When, however, "conscience" conflicts with patriotism, all kinds of side issues creep in. Sham sentimentalists and humanitarians, cosmopolitan "pacifists" or anarchists, political faddists and propagandists, the agitators of "unrest," the literalizers of Holy Writ, every Pharisee of the longest robe and crookedest sect compose a cunning confederacy of national disunion. They call evil good and good evil, and just now the devil is much occupied in quoting Scripture for his purpose. It is not so in other countries, and in convulsed Russia the least disciplined do not desert before they have served. It was never so here when Great Britain was at stake. No Elizabethan whimpered about "conscience" in face of the Armada. No Cromwellian shrank from battling abroad and at home. But the sour heaven had then perhaps already begun, for much of this spirit can be traced to the slow and stealthy rise of a commercial Puritanism. And now a part of political Nonconformity has been reinforced by a mass of international Socialism. While investigating

the State Papers of the War of Secession we were much struck by a letter at its outset from Daniel Defoe. That stout Nonconformist humbly apologized for having evaded service, and protested his eagerness to enlist. Whether he did so or not, he had no doubt that he ought to do so. He was a Briton first and a Dissenter afterwards. But modern scepticism assumes high-sounding disguises. Not long ago we listened to a sermon on the New Patriotism. The preacher told us that in its loftiest shape it transcended country. We were, of course, to be good burgesses, so that we might be good Britons. Being good Britons would lead us to be excellent Europeans, and our allegiance to Europe would in its turn prove a stepping-stone to a wider world-fealty. We confess that we felt tempted to inquire, why stop there? Why not be loyal to the world in order to be loyal to the universe, and to the universe so as to develop our allegiance to space? Such "ideals" must have limits. After all, this is only the old gush of the "friends of mankind" which Canning trounced in the *Anti-Jacobin*. The Russian upheaval has added both impetus and infection to these tendencies and theories. Besides Brotherhoods of Reconciliation and the rest of it, we are now being treated to Soldiers' and Workers' Delegates. And, if it be retorted that a few cranks do not matter, history warns us that by such minorities revolutions are manufactured. We are in danger of a State within a State.

We have a most conscientious objection to Conscientious Objectors, even when they are sincere. We do not deride their sincerity, but we despise their perversions of it. No doubt there is a section of peculiars who honestly deem it unchristian—or more often unsocialistic—to perform the prime duty of citizenship and

obey the first instinct of manhood. Their delusion is the more lamentable because they cut at the root not only of nationality but of Christianity itself. Christianity enjoins no merely passive self-sacrifice for the common cause, still less does it deal in soft-sawder. Its Founder expressly declared that He came not to bring peace on earth, but a sword. And He also taught that a house divided against itself must fall and be despoiled by the strong man armed. It is only by hard and splendid struggle that peace in any direction can be secured, and the figment that this can be achieved vicariously is really a mark of easy materialism. To twaddle about militarism and yet to stand by while others die to shield you from it can only be compared to the cant of those who also twaddle about militarism and yet forward the privileged tyranny of the trade unions. To say, as an objector did a week ago, that he would do no more in case of invasion than take his wife and children "to a place of safety" is to beg the whole question. How could there be any place of safety if the whole nation were not in arms? His wife and children, and all of us, would be far safer if he were not so safe. Could any selfishness or self-indulgence be crasser than that of the pulers who sacrifice the community in order to coddle their own consciences, and would burn their neighbor's house down cheerfully to roast their (addled) egg? Such an objector would perhaps weep over a crushed black beetle. He may possibly have a heart of gold, but he certainly has a brain of feathers. And he is a fatuous bigot who recalls what the great Duchess once said of James II—it might be repeated of some living statesmen—that he wanted to drag England to heaven with him. There are at least three further elements in this phase of illusion. First of all, there is

the flabby habit bred by long years of undisciplined prosperity. Next there is the twist of hide-bound prejudice—the same that leads anti-vaccinationists to prefer smallpox to its cure or Christian Scientists (with more excuse) to prefer death to doctors. And then there is the smug vanity which dotes on martyrdom and craves advertisement. Objectors like to think that they resemble the mangled saints in Doré's picture. They provoke maltreatment—none the less deplorable—and then denounce the very mob whom they would cheer if it assailed their pet aversions. Like some of the old Puritans again, they

Compound for sins they are inclined to By damning those they have no mind to.

This is neither sound sense nor sane sensibility. The fact is that they live in an atmosphere of inversion. They have learned every trick of hysterical mania. The Suffragettes have taught them to "hunger-strike." If an exasperated martinet bubbles over with unwise indignation, the complete objector records in his diary that he has been spat on. He is very contriving, and the diary is part of his apparatus. He will threaten suicide, like Mr. Mantalini, and then wriggle at a strait-waistcoat. Cause and effect have scant meaning for him.

True, this is not so always. He is sometimes, and abominably, bullied. England does not love such objection, or total abstainers from the stimulants of existence. The crowd cuffs and ducks them, as it used to do the witches. The mob mauls and mangles them, just to vent its high spirits—a sinister sign of lawless violence, but a symptom amenable to such calm strength as was shown by that fine Canadian corporal during the *débâcle* in Kingsland. When the objector sulks and smiles with an air of superior sanctimony the soldiers who have

suffered lose all sense of justice and proportion. He is dropped into a pit, as Joseph was after his irritating dream. Unconscientious persecution is as indefensible as conscientious objection. It is just because law and order must be supreme that even the most conscientious objector becomes a traitor. He should be allowed no pretext for fastening false colors on law and order, still less for crowning himself with a spurious halo. But whose fault is it that he is exposed to be thus hunted or bullied? Is it not mainly his own for glorying in his aloofness? Is it not also the Government's for dressing him up in a mockery of khaki instead of sending him to make roads behind the line or to labor on the land, or for herding him in camps with interned Germans? Useful work might partly atone for his apostasy if it is honest. But it would not wholly expiate his national offense. We hold most strongly that he and his children should be disfranchised. Till the third generation no vote of his should be able to spread contagion among us. The case of the Quakers is different. Very few strict ones are left, and even these, we believe, raise no objection to their children entering the Army or Navy. Indeed, they themselves eagerly undertake the perils of mine-sweeping. We know that they are high-minded. But, if there still survives a wholly recalcitrant Quaker, we think that he should not escape the penalty—at any rate, for himself. *His* conscience cannot outweigh his country's in so magnificent a cause. To do a little right he cannot be suffered to do so great a wrong—to be so petty and local. And should he instance the example of the early Christians, who would take no oath to Cæsar, the answer is that the early Christians

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hourly expected the Second Coming. The Quakers are not expecting it, and many of them are in businesses deservedly successful. They raise no conscientious objection to making profits that war may enhance, and but for our Fleet and Army commerce of every kind would be impossible. Moreover, if Quakers and Brotherhoods insist on the letter, why not do so thoroughly? If they rely on the text about turning the other cheek, they should also observe the precept about the "cloke"—fatal to lawsuits. Nor have we yet heard of one who sold all he had.

As for the hypocrites—callous hypocrites—no words and few jails are adequate. Theirs is the worst theft—that of honor, and their pretense of a conscience should be punished twice over. A shocking case, too—though, happily, not a common one—is that of youths born and bred here who have the effrontery to claim exemption on the score of Teutonic descent. They fear they might shoot their second cousins: to their second cousins let them go; we could not wish them a worse fate. And then there are the sleek holders of fat jobs whom, tongue in cheek, the Ministerial augurs pronounce "indispensable." It is a crying scandal. We know of one case where certainly any better educated old woman would suffice; of another, where a task superfluous in war detains an athlete and a sportsman below military age. Such unconscientious assenters are, in our judgment, as bad as most of the Conscientious Objectors. Talk of profiteering! These are the "profit-eers"—the people who exploit every detached interest of "futurist" sophistry at the expense of those who lay down their lives in legions that Great Britain may be preserved.

JIMMY—KILLED IN ACTION.

Horses he loved, and laughter, and the
sun,

A song, wide spaces and the open
air;

The trust of all dumb living things he
won,

And never knew the luck too good to
share.

His were the simple heart and open
hand,

And honest faults he never strove to
hide;

Punch.

Problems of life he could not under-
stand,

But as a man would wish to die he
died.

Now, though he will not ride with us
again,

His merry spirit seems our comrade
yet,

Freed from the power of weariness or
pain,

Forbidding us to mourn—or to
forget.

ENCOURAGING ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.

Having passed the third anniversary of the war, the world has grown accustomed to rhetorical anniversary reviews, in which the spokesmen on both sides reiterate, with a noticeable lack of originality, the phrases that become excessively familiar during the first twelve months. This year, however, there was the great new fact of American co-operation to take into account. At the Queen's Hall Mr. Lloyd George, following his usual practice, dismissed it in a passing reference; but at Plymouth, on the same day, the American Ambassador delivered a new kind of commemoration address. Not content with the customary historical compliment—which Mr. Page, to do him justice, handles very neatly—he set himself to sketch out a systematic program of mutual education for England and the United States. So far as we know, this is the first time anything of the kind has been done by anyone in authority, and Mr. Page's suggestions are well worth looking into.

There exist in this country the most curious misconceptions as to

what has been, and is being, done in America towards educating public opinion on behalf of the Allies, and especially of Great Britain. Now and again someone writes to the papers to announce that German propaganda has had a perfectly free run in the United States. Complainants of this order commonly assume that nothing whatever had been done to counteract German enterprise except by the spontaneous goodwill of our friends across the Atlantic—at any rate, until after America came in, when Mr. Lloyd George thought of the brilliant expedient of establishing Lord Northcliffe in New York. This notion, it need hardly be said, is not entertained by the instructed public on the other side. On the contrary, it would be correct to say that a great many American people, who from the beginning have been ardent supporters of the Allies' cause, are concerned, not with the meagreness, but with the lavish unintelligence of the publicity methods we have adopted. They doubt the wisdom of our elaborate pretense of doing nothing officially

when evidences of an extensive activity are everywhere apparent. They wonder at the spate of propagandist literature for which, until the end of 1916, Sir Gilbert Parker's committee was mainly responsible. They suspect the existence of British (that is Northeliffian) control of certain American newspapers. They criticise, often sharply, a certain kind of pro-Allies speaker or journalist. A University lecturer like Professor Gilbert Murray; an unaffected soldier-talker like Ian Hay; even a detached representative of the minority like Mr. Lowes Dickinson—these can count upon the most cordial and appreciative welcome, from very varied groups. But it is undeniable that much of the writing and speaking on behalf of England in the war has been of a kind which would be condemned by anyone possessing a fair knowledge of the American mind and temperament. Mr. Page is clearly conscious of this, for he made a good-tempered reference to the assumptions of some English speakers in the United States. The Ambassador, however, took pains to give a wide scope and a rather exact outline to his scheme of mutual education between England and America. A good part of this, obviously, will have to wait for fulfilment until the coming of peace. We cannot, for example, begin immediately the organization of political, academic, and journalistic pilgrimages; still less can we, under war conditions, enlarge the enterprise of English and American tourist agencies. At the end of the war, we may be quite sure, Americans will not be in need of any stimulus to visit and study Great Britain, and, doubtless, English people will be much more inclined to undertake journeys to the United States and the British Dominions; which journeys, as Mr. Page put it, may be looked upon as excursions into the future of human

society. Meanwhile, however, some of the things indicated by the Ambassador are very easily within reach of both countries. We can, for instance, improve our newspaper correspondence—from both ends. We can amplify and correct our historical memories—and not the least by encouraging the revision of school textbooks. We can exploit the cinema film for popular instruction. We might even (who knows?) accept Mr. Page's characteristically American suggestion and begin a movement for the "adoption" of its American counterpart by every town in Great Britain having a namesake in the United States.

Even so, however, we should merely be touching the fringe of a problem which can never be seriously worked out so long as certain greater obstacles to Anglo-American friendship remain. The greatest of the permanent obstacles, of course, is an unsettled Ireland. And the most vexatious of the temporary obstacles created during the war is the censorship, alike of the Press and the mail. Nothing is more certain than that the British Government and War Office must make up their minds to a drastic revision of the censorship system if, now that the United States is with the Allies, we are to have the full benefit of American support and friendship. The still rigid cable censorship works our cause continuous harm; and as regards news and comment dispatched by the mail, our authorities surely ought to be able to realize that the rule of the Censor is an incessant irritation to every pro-Allies editor in the country. The day will come, no doubt, when our authorities will understand the extent of the injury wrought by the ban upon the *Nation*, and when they will realize something of what it has cost us to maintain the embargo upon German newspapers, which have been

systematically kept out of America since the early months of the war. Let us hope that the Ambassador's plea for full co-operation may have its effect without further loss of time. "I believe in the suggestion also that has been made," said Mr. Page, "of regular personal correspondence between persons in each country." Quite so; it should be, and might be, of inestimable advantage to both nations in these times. English newspapers, even the weeklies, reach only a small fraction of the American public; and, with the best will in the world, the American Press cannot give any reflection of English opinion and feeling. The unrestricted exchange

The New Statesman.

of personal views was never more needed than it is today, and yet in practice the mail censor forbids it. People will not and cannot express themselves in private correspondence when they write with the consciousness of the Censor's myriad young ladies keeping guard over the educated public of two hemispheres. Mr. Page's advice, in a word, is admirable, is right, and quite opportune. But it must remain infructuous unless he can succeed in convincing the British Government that the first essential of increased knowledge and understanding between Britain and America is the reopening of the channels of communication.

AMERICA'S FINANCIAL EFFORT.

The new German Chancellor, Herr Michaelis, waves aside the military effort of the United States on the plea that she cannot find the ships to transport and maintain her growing armies. We must leave it to time to disprove, as it certainly will, the fallacy of that pious hope. But in the financial sphere of action the United States has already yielded, and is preparing to yield still more, yeoman service to the Allied cause, which not even a German Chancellor can disregard. Details of America's financial effort are apt to dribble across the Atlantic cables in the shape of disconnected items, and this makes it difficult for people in this country to realize the magnitude of her efforts as a whole. It is desirable, therefore, for the benefit of those who "cannot see the wood for the trees," to set out in clear figures what America has done and is preparing to do. In the period before President Wilson declared war the Allied Powers had raised loans in America, computed at over £470,000,-

000 sterling, of which the details as compiled by the National City Bank of New York are as follows:—

Loans to—

Great Britain	\$1,131,400,000
France	736,700,000
Russia	148,500,000
Italy	25,000,000
Canada	334,999,878
Newfoundland	5,000,000

\$2,381,599,878

In this period another \$100,000,000 is estimated to have been advanced to various Allied Powers in the form of bankers' credits.

As soon as America declared war it was obvious that she was to throw all her strength into the balance. It was to be, in the words of a famous American, "a 100 per cent war." By the end of the third week in April Congress had authorized the issue by instalments of a seven billion dollar loan. Early in May the first issue was made of the United States Liberty Loan. It was for \$2,000,000,000, at 3½ per cent,

and was greatly over-subscribed, the total applied for being \$3,035,226,850. A feature of the subscription list was that 64 per cent of the total was applied for by subscribers for less than £2,000. That not only shows a wide-spread support for the war policy, but also that the big corporations and the very rich are holding a generous portion of their resources in reserve for future issues. The object of the issue was to make advances to the Allies, and so far, since America's declaration of war, the Allies have received from her \$1,523,000,000. According to announcements made in the Press from time to time the details are as follows:

To—	
Great Britain	955,000,000
France	530,000,000
Italy	160,000,000
Russia	175,000,000
Belgium	45,000,000
Serbia	3,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$1,868,000,000

This total includes the new advances of \$185,000,000 to Great Britain and \$160,000,000 to France, announced by Reuter telegram on August 2d.

According to the *Washington Post*,
The Economist.

quoted by *The Times* Washington correspondent, the present \$3,000,000,000 authorized for loans to Allies will be exhausted in three or four months, and a second authorization, possibly for as much as \$5,000,000,000, will be asked from Congress before its adjournment. In addition to these huge loans, America has, of course, bought back her own securities, held in Europe, to a very high value.

The figures which we have quoted are enormous. But, of course, America entered the war in a peculiarly powerful financial position. In the first two years of war America's foreign trade showed an export balance of nearly 3½ billion dollars. Her legislators are now engaged on a comprehensive scheme of taxation. A Revenue Bill containing new taxes estimated to produce \$1,800,000,000 has passed Congress, and is still before the Senate. Whatever they may choose to persuade themselves about America's future military effort, surely these definite facts of America's prodigious financial support to the Allied cause may at this juncture cause thinking Germans some misgivings as to the promised collapse of their enemies.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Seldom does one find a more brilliant and varied collection of short stories than Phyllis Bottome's "The Derelict." The title-story is a caustic study of the influence on a light-hearted young Englishman of the Bohemian type of his fiancée, who is a pharisaical philanthropist, and the sick and miserable *fille de joie* of whom she makes a protégée and in whom she urges her lover to interest himself; "Mlle. l'Anglaise" describes an English art-student in Paris at the outbreak of the war; the plot of "The Liqueur

Glass" turns on the resolve of a mother to free her children from the tyranny of a perfectly respectable father; "The Syren's Isle" portrays, with many subtle touches, the effect on an English tourist, madly in love with a Capri girl, of the sight of his inamorata's mother; "An Awkward Turn" brings to a conclusion in which comedy and tragedy blend, the love affair of a sentimental woman whose husband fails to "understand" her and a poet whose wife has never been "sympathetic"; "Ironstone" is a grim

Cornish tale of love, coquetry and jealousy; "The Pace" introduces the London smart set, and "Brother Leo" is an exquisite sketch of a Franciscan monk. The Century Co.

So candidly does Mr. H. G. Wells, in his preface to "God, the Invisible King," set forth the scope of the slender volume, that those who go on with it after his warning "read at their own risk." His purpose is not primarily to shock and insult, but he is "zealous to liberate, and impatient with a reverence that stands between man and God." His position is, firstly, complete agnosticism in the matter of God the Creator, whom he prefers to call "the Veiled Being," and, secondly, entire faith in the matter of God the Redeemer. He cannot bring the two ideas under the same word God. He uses the word God, therefore, for the God in our hearts only, and holds Him the God of the renescent religion with which he believes the whole world may, ere long, be alive. He asserts positively that this religion is not a kind of Christianity, but he is perhaps right in saying that liberal Christians of an Arian or Arminian tendency may find the larger part of his book acceptable to them if they will read "the Christ God" where he has written God. He drops into smartness now and then, as was to have been expected, and gives needless offense, but his tone is for the most part serious and earnest and the force with which he urges the possibility of a personal and vivifying consciousness of God must be admitted even by those who would dispute his ecclesiastical history, and his philosophy: "The real coming of God is a change, an irradiation of the mind. Everything is there as it was before,

only now it is aflame. Suddenly the light fills one's eyes, and one knows that God has risen and that doubt has fled forever." Upon the establishment of the world-kingdom of the Invisible King Mr. Wells dwells with ardent emphasis, defining it as "a peaceful and co-ordinated activity of all mankind upon certain divine ends." "The religion that will presently sway mankind," he predicts, "can be reached more easily from the starting-point of Islam than from the confused mysteries of Trinitarian theology." The Macmillan Co.

"By an Ex-Mill-Girl" on the title-page suggests that "Helen of Four Gates" is a story of factory life, but the reader who takes it up with that expectation will be disappointed, and perhaps annoyed. It is a study of individual rather than social problems, and its scene is a farming district in the north of England. Helen, who supposes herself to be the daughter but is, in fact, the step-daughter of the villain of the story—a man of shrewd intelligence, but incredibly vindictive and brutal temper—is the victim of his untiring revenge on the man who robbed him of her mother, now many years dead. He persuades the man who loves her—employed on his farm and a member of his household—that Helen inherits the madness which is known to be in his family, and the plot follows the desperate struggle of Helen to hold her lover in spite of the terrors with which his hesitating mind has been deliberately filled. The unknown author has unusual talent, and the story makes a strong impression. But it is needlessly repulsive, and only those who enjoy supping on horrors will recommend it to their friends. E. P. Dutton & Co.